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CASTAWAYS AND CRUSOES

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CASTAWAYS AND CRUSOES

Tales of survivors of shipwreck in New Zealand, Patagonia, Tobago, Cuba, Magdalen Islands, South Seas and the Crozets

EDITED BY
HORACE KEPHART

NUMBER 2

NELSON DOUBLEDAY
OYSTER BAY, N. Y.

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CASTAWAYS AND CRUSOES

I

A SOUTH SEA CRUSOE

When Charles Dickens was conducting *All the Year Round*, he published in that magazine, May, 1862, the narrative of an English missionary who was cast away on an uninhabited islet off the north coast of New Zealand, with no equipment but his pocket-knife, a pair of blankets, a few pieces of broken glass, a ruined boat and its tattered sails. The man was without food, tools, tackle, weapon, or even the means of making a fire. He was no expert in seamanship or in woodcraft. Yet he managed to subsist in this desolate place for nearly six months, without so much as a captured animal to divert his mind from the awful lonesomeness. The story is here reprinted with only such changes as seem necessary to make some of the passages clearer to the average reader. *(Editor.)*

I AM an English clergyman, and the following is a truthful record of a memorable passage in my life.

I had been living for two years amongst

the tribe called Ngapuhis, the most powerful and important tribe in the northern part of New Zealand. I planted my own potatoes and *kumeras* or sweet potatoes, caught my own fish, and lived in a house built in great part by myself, assisted by two natives, one called Tinana and the other Rewharewha, on a piece of ground given me by the latter and called Opipito.

I was employed in teaching the Maori or New Zealand children, and trying to establish a little church, working meanwhile with my own hands to obtain a livelihood, and learning from the rude, uncivilized, but hospitable natives many of their ways and customs.

The chief of the tribe was an old man named Manu, tall, well formed, erect, and venerable. When dressed in his long flowing robe of native manufacture, with his *houi* or native symbol of authority in his hand, he looked "every inch a king."

His son, named Monganui, took upon

himself the more active duties of the chieftainship. Although he was too fond of "firewater," yet he was kind, hospitable, and friendly, and to him I owe many obligations which I fear I can never repay. . . .

On Friday the 19th of August, 1859, about the middle of the wet season, I wished for a change of diet, and made up my mind to go out for a day's fishing. Outside the harbor of the Bay of Islands, about sixteen miles off, is one of the most noted capes of New Zealand, called Cape Brett. This is a well known landmark to vessels entering the port. As the whole breadth of the Pacific washes up against its rocky sides, and rebounds with a deep sullen roar, there is nearly always in its neighborhood a dangerous sea rolling; while, to add to the difficulties of navigation, there are several sunken rocks, some covered at all times, and known only by the white water around them; others bare at low tide, and only covered at high water.

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CASTAWAYS AND CRUSOES

I remember how I marked each change of the dawn; how dreamily I watched the sun rise; and then, waking up, as it were, with a start, how I placed my hands over my eyes, and looked long and eagerly in the direction where I thought the islands lay.

Afar off on the distant horizon, I saw what at first I thought were clouds low down and resting on the water. I looked again when a short time had elapsed: the outline was unchanged, but more distinctly defined, and, as the sunlight glinted on it, I discerned the peaks of some high lands.

I steered straight toward them. I kept on my course. I then ate some of my cold potatoes, and drank eagerly of the water, the first food that had passed my lips since I had started. I then lighted a pipe, and patiently awaited the course of events.

Here a new and unexpected shock awaited me. Happening to look behind my boat, I saw a huge shark following

silently in my wake. I can hardly describe the cold thrill of horror that tingled through my veins at the sight. Every moment my excited imagination made me think it was going to attack me. Already I pictured myself as being torn to pieces. I was fascinated, and could not turn away my gaze as the creature quietly followed every movement of my boat, seeming instinctively to know the predicament I was in, and looking upon me as its lawful prey.

About noon I was sufficiently near the shore to mark the outlines of the coast, which seemed to be rocky and precipitous, gloomy and forbidding; the hill summits crowned with large trees. When I approached within two miles of the land, I tacked and ran along shore until I rounded a rocky point and saw a small bay with a wall of rocks on each side, about, as near as I could guess, two hundred yards wide and one hundred and fifty deep. Here I hauled down my sails, put out my paddles,

and pulled on shore, landing on a steep pebbly beach.

I took out my blankets to have a sleep, for I felt exceedingly weary; first, however, fastening my boat a short distance out from the beach, letting out a small grapnel from the bows, a large stone fastened in a noose from the stern, and taking the further precaution of carrying a long rope I always had with me in the boat on shore and fastening it to a large tree that sprang out from a cleft in the rocks. I then rolled myself up in my blankets, and fell fast asleep.

When I woke, the moon was shining bright and clear, high up in the sky. I was roused from my sleep by a thumping, grating sound on the beach, which mingled strangely with my dreams. I started up and found my boat bumping on the beach. It was high water when I landed, and the ebb of the tide had partly stranded her. The stone had slipped out of the noose, and the boat had swung round. The wind, dur-

ing my sleep, had freshened, and a heavy surf rolled in.

I untied the rope on shore, and pulling up my grapnel, got into the boat and tried to paddle out from the beach. I saw a small indent in the rocks on the right side of the bay, past which the breakers rolled, and, concluding that it was somewhat more sheltered in there, I thought I would pull the boat thither.

I managed with no small difficulty to get about fifty yards from the beach, when I heard a dull heavy roar behind me, and, looking round, I saw a large breaker rolling in, rearing up its white-crested mane, and seeming as if it would overlap and tumble in. I gave one short terrified glance, let go my oars, and threw my arms round the middle thwart of the boat. There was a dull heavy crash, and I felt the boat borne swiftly along, rolling over and over until it settled with a bump on a low rock at one side of the bay, and I found myself flung

out a little higher up, bruised, sore, half-choked, and half-blinded with the salt water.

I dragged myself a little higher up the rock, and there sat and looked in dismay at my poor boat, with her side stove in, and a sharp-pointed rock sticking through her bottom. My boat was irretrievably broken and ruined; and I had foolishly left in it my fishing lines, the fish, and the remainder of my potatoes, as well as the two empty bottles.

Mechanically I put my hand into my pocket for my pipe. It was gone too: I had left it on one of the thwarts of the boat; and thus I was deprived of even this poor comfort and consolation. It may seem ridiculous, but it was nevertheless true, that I took the loss of my pipe more to heart than every other loss I had sustained. Doubtless I ought to have been thankful I had escaped with my life; but I cannot say I felt so. I could do nothing but rock backward and forward on the stone on which I

sat, cold, wet, and shivering, and bitterly lamenting my hard fate.

How long I might have remained there I cannot say. Time passed altogether unheeded. I marked not the sun's rise. Lonely, deserted, forlorn, and sad, I was at last roused to a consciousness of my position by hunger. I looked round, and found the rocks on which I sat covered with oysters. Gathering up a large pebble, I began breaking some open, and I tore my fingers in the operation, and felt a sort of savage pleasure in the pain.

After satisfying my hunger, I next looked round for water, which, to my exceeding joy and thankfulness, I found trickling down one of the rocks. Thither accordingly I hastened, and took a good long draught. After bathing my face and washing my hands, I sat down somewhat refreshed.

What next? I scarcely knew. Anything rather than sit still—that nearly drove

me wild. I tried to murmur a prayer, but my thoughts would wander away, and I found that I could only tranquilize my mind by moving about.

I wandered back to the boat, and, hopeless as the task was, tried to mend her. I had with me my pocket-knife, and I tried various poor devices with it. Although perfectly convinced of the uselessness of my task, I could not abstain from working at it, and it was not until I had thrown away two whole days that I desisted.

The first night I gathered a heap of long dry fern, and slept on it, rolled up in my blankets. It was on a Saturday that I landed on the island, and, although the following day was Sunday, I worked all day at the boat. It was not until Monday night that I finally gave up the attempt.

The small bay was surrounded by a rocky rampart, varying in height from ninety to two hundred feet, surmounted by a dense forest. At the feet of these rocks was an-

other rock of some ten to twelve feet broad, sloping, and covered at high tide but bare at low water, and encrusted with oysters. The beach was composed of shingle, descending steeply into the water.

Inland was a small piece of level ground, about half an acre in extent, the middle of which was a basin into which the little spring of water tumbled. The waters of the basin fell and rose with the tide, the sea percolating through the pebbly beach. In this small pond grew a sort of flag called by the natives of New Zealand *raupo,* and of which their huts are mostly built. Round the pond the ground was composed of small pebbles, or gravel and sand, growing over which was a coarse kind of bent or grass.

Nearer the rocks which enclosed this flat piece of ground in an irregular semicircle grew tall ferns, finding root in the soil and débris washed down from the upper grounds, and shaded and kept moist by the overhanging rocks. Down a steep gully,

narrow and blocked up with huge boulders, fell the little stream of water, trickling finally in rills over the green slimy surface of a rock about thirty feet high. In the clefts of the rock were growing shrubs, with here and there the larger growth of a *pohutukawa,* a large crooked-limbed evergreen tree found in New Zealand, that bears, about Christmas, a most beautiful crimson bloom. The boat-builders in New Zealand use the crooked limbs of this tree for the knees and elbows of their boats.

On the top of the rocks surrounding this small flat of ground was the dense forest, and, towering up again in the far background, were several volcanic peaks, conical shaped, and rising to a height of from nine hundred to one thousand feet, all tree-clad to their summits.

This is an imperfect description of the place on which, Crusoe-like, I had been so strangely thrown, with no earthly possessions beyond a small pocket-knife, a pair of

blankets, a few pieces of broken glass (the remains of my two bottles which I found on the rocks, and which I carefully treasured), and my tattered sails and a broken boat. My long rope I lost from carelessly leaving it too near the water when mending my boat.

How far the island was from any inhabited land I knew not. I only knew it was uninhabited by human beings, and that I could have no fellowship with any of my kind, not even savages, during my sojourn on it. How long that sojourn was likely to be, God only knew.

Unlike Robinson Crusoe, I had not even a dog or a cat for my companion. I had no wrecked ship wherefrom to draw any resources. I was totally unarmed. I had no tools wherewith to build, or plant, or dig —I had no seeds to plant even had I had tools. I had no books to while away the long tedious hours, no means whereon to write even an account of my sufferings and

fate; though perchance they might one day be read in my bones whitening on the beach. I was without house or shelter, and without fire.

Tuesday morning came, with rain, and I woke wet through. Fortunately it was not very cold. After I had been down to the rocks and taken my morning meal of oysters, I sat down and had a long consultation with myself about a house. I examined all the rocks to see if I could find a cave. I did find a small one; but I could not live in it, for the water dripped incessantly from the roof, and the floor was wet.

My next thought was to build a small hut after the fashion of the Maoris; and I spent the whole of that and the two following days in cutting with my knife the bulrushes or *raupo* in the swamp, and two days more in tying it up in bundles, using the flax I found growing near the pond for that purpose. All this occupied that week.

The employment diverted my thoughts

from brooding too much. I took care to tire myself so thoroughly that I generally fell asleep as soon as I said my prayers and laid myself down.

Sunday following I resolved to keep free from work. I climbed up the narrow rocky pathway into the forest, and found growing, as I expected, among the trees abundance of the wild palm or *nikau*. The hearts of two or three of these I cut out with my knife. The heart of this palm is about the thickness of a man's wrist, is about a foot long, and tastes not unlike the English hazel-nut, when roasted on the ashes of a fire. It is very nutritious. This, with the oysters, composed my supper on the second Sunday of my stay on the island. The day was warm and sunny, and, coming after the four or five wet days, was very cheering. After supper I planned out my house, having chosen a place for it during my walk in the afternoon.

Before I lay down for the night, I sat on

a great stone, looking over the sea, and kept repeating the psalm in which occurs the verse: "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise Him for the help of his countenance."

So ended my second Sunday on the island.

I woke early next morning, and, after my usual visit to the rocks, went to my boat. Taking one of the lining boards, I spent an hour or so in trying to fashion it into something like a spade. Then I dug a small trench round the spot where I intended placing my house, and made perfectly level a space about fourteen feet long by ten feet wide, pulling up the grass and plants.

I went into the forest and cut down four long straight sticks, about an inch and a half in diameter and five to six feet long, forked at one end: these were for the corners. I cut two about the same thickness and about nine feet long, forked in the same manner:

these were to carry the ridge-pole. I then cut down three or four bundles of long straight sticks of various lengths and thickness.

This took me altogether two days—namely, cutting and carrying them down to the place I had chosen for my house; the framework of which took me three more days to complete.

The labor of breaking open the oysters in sufficient quantities to satisfy my appetite very considerably abridged the length of my day. It was a task of no small difficulty, in which my fingers nearly always suffered. And, let me eat as many oysters as I would, I rarely left the rocks perfectly satisfied; there was ever within me a disagreeable sensation of hunger. I was tortured with dreams of solid, substantial breakfasts, dinners, and suppers.

I had not even the comfort of a drop of water at hand when I awoke with a raging thirst upon me, having no vessel to keep it

in. (I afterwards tried to make a vessel, capable of holding water, from some soft clay; but, though I baked it in the fire to harden it, it was so porous that the water evaporated [seeped through] during the night, and I generally found the vessel empty in the morning.)

I had frequently seen the Maoris obtain fire by rubbing together two sticks, and I had once or twice attempted it myself, but without success. Now, however, the obtaining of fire was a matter of such consequence to me that I resolved once more to make the attempt.

First, I sought for some hard stone, thinking therewith to strike fire with the aid of my knife; but I could not find any stone fit for my purpose, and if I had, there was no tinder whereon to strike the spark. I therefore resolved to make an effort to obtain fire by rubbing the two sticks—but with small hope of success.

I gathered some very dry ferns, and small *manuka* twigs, which are very resinous and inflammable. I rubbed it between two pieces of wood—slowly at first. Presently the wood began to smell of burning, and a little wreath of white smoke curled upward. I then quickened my motion, until the perspiration streamed down my face, while my elbows and wrists began to ache painfully. In this way I rubbed for well-nigh twenty minutes, and all the result I obtained was the smell of fire and smoke. I nearly despaired, and was about to give it up, when one of the minute shavings flew up a living spark.

What a thrill of joy it sent through me! I forgot my weariness, and, redoubling my efforts for a few seconds, had the satisfaction of seeing several more sparks. I dropped the stick, and blew gently on the heap until it was on fire. I then gently shook it upon the fern, wrapped the fern up

in fir twigs, and waved it quickly round my head until the whole mass was in flames. This fire I never allowed to go out.

I kept a good stock of firewood, and dug a hole in the middle of my house, which I kept always filled with hot embers, besides keeping a pile of dry *purin* sticks for light at night.

With a gun I could have materially improved my food, as I saw plenty of wild ducks on the small pond, besides parrots and pigeons in the forest. I attempted to hit the ducks with stones, but never succeeded in killing any, although twice I hit. I next thought of a bow and arrows, but my attempts proved futile. However, I added another dish to my meagre fare, and that was fern root, of which I had abundance.

I had now been about three weeks on the island. Although in no way reconciled to the idea of living there, the hope of ever getting away again daily became fainter and fainter, until at times, if I sat down for a

short while and tried to think over my situation, I was well-nigh driven to despair.

One morning, on going out of my house, I perceived an intolerable stench coming up from the beach. I went down to see what it was, and, to my great disgust, found the dead body of a large shark, in the last stages of decomposition, washed up by the tide. After a time, however, it occurred to me that as I had seen the Maoris make their fish-hooks out of shark bones, why should not I?

I had already tried to make hooks out of the copper nails of my boat, but the metal was too soft and bent too readily. Now, however, I could try on the shark's bones; and moreover it would be some occupation for my long, tedious evenings. For the evening was always the most wearisome part of my time: many a dull one I spent, my thoughts far, far away, roaming free and uncontrolled over spots where, in all likelihood, my feet would never tread again; or I wearied myself with brooding over my

condition, and wondering what my friends would think of my long-continued absence.

In six evenings, with the aid of my knife, and some stones, and the broken glass, I made two bone hooks sufficiently sharp and strong to catch any fish I might find off the rocks. Another week was spent in twisting raw flax into fishing lines. Next morning I was up with the early dawn, and, after many failures, captured a large rock cod, which I speedily roasted at my fire. How much of it I ate, I should be ashamed to confess.

I may here give a diary of my daily proceedings on the island. I generally woke early, and, after saying my prayers, betook myself to the spring of water and had a good fresh bath. My next task was to go to the rocks and obtain either oysters or fish for breakfast. I next went up into the forest for a supply of firewood, looking well about me for any discoveries that might prove useful.

I found growing among the shrubs a large orange-colored pod producing a very fragrant pepper. With this I flavored my fish. I also found salt in the crevices of the rocks, deposited there by evaporation. After collecting firewood, I next gathered fresh fern for my bed.

Then came the preparation for my midday meal, for which I generally now had fish, and either the wild palm or wild cabbage, which I found growing at the foot of the rocks. I made a change occasionally in my diet by the mode of cooking it: one day broiling it, and another day cooking it in a native *kapura* or *hougi,* with hot ashes in a hole.

The afternoon I generally spent in a walk in the forest, into which, however, I dared not penetrate very far, for fear of losing my road. In the evening I went down to the pond and caught a few eels, ready for bait the following morning.

As soon as it was dark I retired into my

hut, and, throwing a few sticks on the fire to make a light, employed myself in making hooks, or lines, or any other thing I could think of making and was able to make. I had dug a hole in the center of my floor in which I deposited every night sufficient fuel to last until morning. My last employment was my prayers, after which, rolling myself up in my blanket, I tried to sleep.

Thus, in dull monotony, the time passed slowly away. Each day's dawn found me with hope diminished, and in its place a cold feeling of despair gradually settling over me. Ofttimes I seemed to be moving about mechanically.

I had been seven weeks and two days on the island, according to my reckoning (which consisted merely in repeating to myself occasionally during each day its name and the date of the month) when, as I was coming from the forest with a load of firewood, I looked towards the sea, and was

startled by the sight of a vessel passing at about eight miles distance.

At first I scarce knew what to do. I threw down the wood and rushed over the rocks to my hut for my blankets, to hang up in a tree for signal. I carried the blankets up the rocks and climbed half way up a tree, when the thought occurred to me I should be too late, and that the smoke of a fire would be seen more plainly. I accordingly slid down the rocks again for some fire, lighted the pile of wood I had thrown down, and then began to climb once more into the tree and hang out my blankets. Alas, I had made the fire of dry wood, and it burnt too brightly to emit much smoke! It was now too late to place some green branches on it. The vessel faded slowly out of sight, never having noticed my attempts at signalling her.

I know not what effect such an event would have had on others placed in my sit-

uation, whether it would have awakened and encouraged other men to hope, or would have driven them to despair. It had the latter tendency on me; and, for the first time since I landed on the island, I gave way to tears. All that day I cried bitterly.

At night I was startled. I had caught, as usual, several small eels, and placed them on the roof of my hut to be ready for my morning's fishing. In the middle of the night I was aroused by hearing a strange scratching, scrambling noise upon the roof. It was with no small trepidation that I ventured out to see what it was. The night was very dark, and the first things I saw were two fiery balls of light glaring at me from the top of the hut. Next moment a black object flew at me. I stooped suddenly, and the animal went over me with a loud hiss, and disappeared in the darkness. It was a large black cat. How it came there I know not. I had never seen it before, and never saw it afterwards, although

I heard it once or twice wailing dismally in the forest.

Of the next two or three days I have a very confused recollection. I remember wandering about all day, seeking rest and finding none, careless, heedless, hopeless. It was during this time, I doubt not, that I lost my reckoning; for somehow or other I found that I had lost three days.

How long this state might have continued I cannot tell; but it was most mercifully diverted in the following way: I had penetrated deeper into the forest one day than I had ever ventured before, when I came to a rather abrupt gully. Here I stumbled over a tree root, and rolled down a descent. When I recovered myself I got on my feet and looked around.

I had rolled into the midst of some tall plants, with broadish leaves, long, entire, and smooth, that felt sticky or glutinous when touched, and with a dusky-colored flower. It was tobacco—a coarse, bitter

kind, but still it was tobacco. Eagerly I gathered all I could find, and then retraced my steps.

As soon as I arrived at home, I hung up my tobacco leaves on a long string of flax inside my hut. I then set my wits to work to invent a pipe, in which I at last rudely succeeded. How great a comfort it was, no words of mine could adequately tell.

One thing that more than any other impressed my mind with the utter solitude of the island on which I was cast was the absence of animal life, and the silence. I had seen, during several weeks' residence, little or no traces of life beyond the solitary instance of the wild cat, which had probably been thrown overboard, or had swum ashore from some passing ship. The only other living things I had yet seen, except birds, were lizards.

Wild pigeons abounded. I made about twenty snares to catch some. For several days I did not succeed, and I had almost

despaired, when, one day, to my great delight, a couple were caught. How eagerly I cooked them, and the enjoyment I had in eating them I need not describe. I afterwards took several more, securing altogether during the time I was on the island fourteen birds.

I now went up on the rocks, where I had cleared a place to lie and bask in the sun, and whence I could overlook the sea. Several weeks had elapsed since I saw the vessel.

About this time I found in the forest, near my tobacco plot, some yellow clay, a quantity of which I carried home, and occupied my evenings in trying to convert into some vessel to hold water. I made several ungainly looking things, and spoilt all but two in trying to bake them. The occupation, however, served to divert my attention and keep me from brooding too much over my misery.

In the hope of finding honey I had sev-

eral hunts. How bees came on this desolate island puzzled me; but there they were. They could hardly be indigenous. I traced an immense swarm to a tree, which I had the cruelty to burn down; that being the only expedient by which I could obtain the honey hived high up in the trunk. I was rewarded for this toil (which was great, first and last) by the largest stock of honey I had ever seen taken, even in New Zealand, from a tree.

A part of the mass of honey was two or three seasons old, being of a deep yellow color, and the wax brown; the rest was of a pale straw color, in snow-white virgin combs. Of the latter I ate eagerly, and then collecting the rest, deposited it in my clay vessels, leaving the rest a prey to the lizards and ants. I found this honey a delicious addition to my fish. I found afterwards two more bee trees, the contents of which I obtained and enjoyed.

I had frequently noticed what I took to

be the footsteps of some kind of animal on the pathway leading up the rocks into the forest. I had not, however, seen anything of any animal. I knew pigs and goats to be the only animals found in New Zealand in a wild state; and they are not indigenous, having been introduced, I believe, by Captain Cook.

One day as I was returning with a load of firewood, I heard below, to my great surprise, some animals bleating. Laying down my load quietly, I looked on the ground below and saw a herd of wild goats licking the salt on the rocks.

How was I to come at them? How could I catch one of them? I remembered that Robinson Crusoe became swift enough of foot to run them down. I much doubted my capability of doing so. As, however, no plan suggested itself to me other than that of stealing quietly upon them and then making a sudden rush, I resolved forthwith to try that course.

Slowly and stealthily I got within fifty yards of them unnoticed. One suddenly observed me and gave a loud bleat of warning, and they all made a rush up the rocks where no human foot could follow. Having got out of my reach, they turned round and stared at me. What could I do? Nothing but quietly return for my firewood, and try to devise some mode of catching them at some future time. Many were the devices that passed through my mind, all equally futile.

Lying in the hut some days later, I heard some animals running over the gravel in front of it. It was mid-day, and I was resting from the heat of the sun. I peeped out and saw six goats separated from their companions and browsing on some *karaka* bushes near my spring. I crept out as stealthily as cat after mouse. The plashing of the little stream over the rock drowned any noise I might have made, and, fortunately, the wind blew from them to me.

I found the distance between them and me gradually lessen, while the space between the pool of water and the steep rocks gradually narrowed, leaving them less and less room to rush past me. At length they saw me, and I seemed so near that for a moment they stood perfectly still—paralysed. I rushed at them with a whoop.

Five passed me; but the last, a she-goat, heavy with kid, got separated from her companions, and in her perplexity leaped upon a large stone in the water, and there stood bleating most pitifully. I made one bound after her, threw my arms about her neck, and held her in a close embrace.

Now, I thought, I have succeeded in catching the very goat I would have chosen. How shall I get her home? My doubt as to this important question was very soon settled. The stone on which we both were was covered with a green slimy moss, and gradually I felt my feet slipping from under me. The goat made a sudden plunge

for liberty, and down I came with her into the water. I was forced to loosen my hold. She beat me at swimming, short as the distance was to land, and, with a loud bleat, she rushed up the rocks after her companions.

I was consoled on the same evening by finding an enormous shell which had been washed up by the tide. This, along with two or three smaller ones, I carried away, rejoicing in them as vessels to hold water. Many and many a time, however, I sat planning how to secure a goat. For even one goat, as a companion, would have been a great boon. But it was all to no purpose; I never got one.

One bright moonlight night I fell short of wood. I had that day neglected getting it (why, I forget now), so I had to turn out and go up into the forest.

The moon shone beautifully, and the effects of light and shade among the huge trees and gigantic creepers were so fantastic and weird-like that I could not help sit-

ting down on a fallen tree, and, half frightened, I got utterly entranced, gazing on the wonderful scene.

As I sat, a shrill whistle sounded close behind me. After a short time I recovered sufficient self-possession to look cautiously around, and saw a dark object moving. I waited until it came into the full light of the moon, when I saw what at first I took for a quadruped. But it was a bird: a bird with neither wings nor feathers, but a sort of fur.

It occurred to me that this must be the *kiwi* I had heard much of from the natives, called by the whites the apteryx. Apart from its skin, which I wished to obtain, it was, as I knew, exceedingly good eating.

I looked round for a stick or a stone, and at length got hold of a stick without alarming the bird. I started forward and made an unsuccessful blow at it. It ran very quickly. I managed, however, to overtake it; when the brute threw itself on its back and struck at me with its legs, ripped up my

trousers with a sharp hind claw, and tore the skin of my leg most grievously.

I was so taken aback that the bird escaped. I had one satisfaction, however: I had ascertained the cause of the mysterious whistling, and thus set all fears on that score at rest. In a day or two I found apteryx eggs, which made a welcome addition to my larder.

Four long weary months and two weeks had passed. Three or four times a day I regularly went up the rocks, trying to sight a sail. A long time had now elapsed since I saw the last, and my hopes of ever seeing another became every day fainter and fainter.

At length, one fine warm sunny day as I was lying on the rock, looking every now and then seaward, I descried a small speck far out to sea. At first I thought my eyes deceived me. I rubbed them, and looked again, and saw it still more distinctly. I

took a short walk in the forest, and, coming back, found the object grown larger and plainer.

I could now discern, glistening in the light of the sun, the white sails of a vessel. How my heart beat! Would she come near enough for me to signal her? I made ready a fire, and this time gathered several green branches to make a smoke with. Nearer and nearer she came, until at length I made her out to be a large schooner bound to the southland, I supposed to Auckland.

When she arrived (as near as I could guess) about four miles from the island, I lighted my fire and heaped on it a mass of green wood and damp moss, and watched the smoke ascend in a large dense cloud. I looked eagerly towards the schooner. She came nearer and nearer. My heart palpitated. I could distinctly hear and almost count its loud and anxious throbs.

"They see the smoke! They see it!" I

cried in ecstasy, as she suddenly hauled up to the wind; and I heard her sails flap sharply against her masts.

In my excitement I screamed until my throat was sore, with the vain hope that the people on board would hear my cries.

"Do they really see the smoke? Will they lower a boat for me?"

The few minutes of suspense during which she lay aback seemed hours. Hours? Years!

"I know they see the smoke—I know it!" I cried. "How cruel not to hasten! Why do they not lower a boat and pull off?"

"They are going!" I shrieked, in my agony, as I saw the vessel's head slowly turn, and the sails again belly out to the wind. "They are going! Oh, my God, they are going! And leaving me here! Have mercy, have mercy, and do not utterly forsake me!"

I cast myself with my face to the ground, my eyes hot, dry, and tearless. I dared not

look again. I felt as if I were going mad. At length I got up, and took one last despairing look at the receding ship now again diminished to a small speck.

Silent and tearless, I sat for hours looking down into the quiet deep blue waters. Here and there were corals of all strange hues and many forms branching out in different directions, with bright colored strange shaped fish gliding in and out among the grotesque stony foliage, and snow-white shells gleaming in the clear water amongst the dark green weed, which swayed idly backwards and forwards with the plashings of the tide. All down there looked so serene and peaceful that the thought crept into my mind, "Would it not be better to roll off this rock, and seek that resting place? It would be but one plunge, a very brief pang, and then to sleep."

As I sat brooding over those wicked thoughts, the words "Call upon me in the day of trouble: *I will deliver thee,* and thou

shalt glorify me," came suddenly into my mind. I rushed down to my hut, fell on my knees, and prayed God to pity me and give me patience and submission.

Four more weary weeks passed without any incident worth noting. Methodically I fished, gathered firewood, roamed through the forest, and formed futile plans for catching goats. I had now been five months alone on the island.

I had retired to bed one night as usual, when I was startled by hearing something bump on the beach. I jumped up and listened. It could not be my old boat lifted off the rocks by a high tide? No, not that; for the boat had been almost all removed for one purpose or another. I heard footsteps, and then a loud gruff voice saying, "Kumea, Kumea!"

I knew that voice well, but I almost thought I was dreaming. I rushed out, and saw by the light of the moon, which was then near the full, five or six dusky figures trying

to haul up a large boat out of the reach of the breakers.

With a loud shout of joy I ran forward—then stood amazed and appalled at the sudden yell which escaped from the persons. They left off dragging the boat, and tumbled precipitately into her, as if their only safety were there. Moreover, I saw to my horror a bare brawny arm held up, with something glittering in the moon's silver light, and I feared that shining thing would fly at me.

"Kowai koe?" (Who are you?) shouted a loud voice.

"Ko Henare ahau" (I am Henry), I replied.

"Stop!" answered the voice, "or I throw this!" at the same time brandishing the small tomahawk. I well knew the fatal aim that would follow if I moved. I stood perfectly still. The figure then moved toward the boat.

"Stop, Monganui," I cried in an agony

of fear lest they should go off and leave me. "I am Henry—do not leave me!"

"Ka teka koe" (You lie), he exclaimed. "Henry is dead. You are his spirit."

"No, no," I answered, "I swear to you I am he. Come and touch me, and see whether I am not flesh and blood."

"No," he said, "I do not believe you. You are a spirit, and I shall go." He made towards the boat. What agony I suffered at that moment! But suddenly he turned and stood still, calling to me, *"Ka kite koe tera kowhatu?"* (Do you see that stone?), pointing to one at my feet.

"Ae ra" (Yes), I answered.

"Take it up, then."

I did so.

"Now do you see that tree?" pointing to the very tree I had tied my boat to when I first landed, and which grew out of the rocks.

"I see it."

"Throw the stone at it."

I did so, and hit the tree.

"Ah," he said, "no ghost could do that."

"May I come, then, to you?"

"Yes," he said; still, however, hesitating.

I went up to him with the usual Maori salute of *"Tena koutou."*

He caught hold of me and grasped my hand so hard that I flinched. "Ah," he said, "that is real flesh and blood." Then looking me full in the face he said, "And you look something like Henry, only thinner."

"Live here five months, Monganui," I replied, "and try to keep stout on it."

As soon as he had fully got it into his mind that I was the person I represented myself to be, he began asking me innumerable questions. The others had been listening all this time in the boat, and now, on his order, came out reluctantly. We pulled the boat up high on the beach, the women (for they were the chief's five wives) casting all the time side glances of doubt and mistrust on me. But I contrived once or twice to

knock against them rather roughly, as only flesh and blood and bones could do, and this seemed to set their minds at rest.

Monganui, who was the chief who had given me the two boys, came up to my hut, while his wives busied themselves in making a shelter for the night with the oars of the boat and their blankets. Monganui and I remaining at my house after supper, we lighted our pipes. I proceeded to narrate my adventures of the last few months, in the course of which I was frequently interrupted by his savage ejaculations of astonishment.

When I had done, he said, "Ah, well, you would make a good Maori," that being the very highest compliment he could pay me.

I then asked him how he had come, and why. He told me he had been fishing at the Black Rocks, and it had come on to blow very fresh, as in my own case. So hard did it blow at last that, despite his having a whale boat and crew, they could not pull against it, and so ran before it to these islands.

In the morning, as soon as it was light, we went out. We found the women already up, a fire lighted, and some potatoes and fish being cooked in an iron pot or *kohua*. The women at first looked somewhat askance at me, but seeing me take a potato out of the pot and deliberately peel and eat it, they again seemed considerably relieved.

Of course Monganui had made his mind up that I would leave the island with him as soon as the weather moderated, which it seemed about to do. He arranged for our leaving early the next morning. The morning opened clear and fine, with the wind in the right direction for sailing back again. We were all astir early and in a bustle of preparation.

As soon as breakfast was over, the things were all put on board the boat, and everything was ready for the start. Just then my heart failed me, despite my long and lonely residence on the island. I could not overcome my fears of trusting myself, for

so long a journey, in that small boat, deeply laden as she was, and leaking, as I knew of old she did. When it came to the point, I drew back, much to Monganui's astonishment.

"I will stay," I said. "Should you land safely, please go to Kororaika and tell the white people I am here, and that I have been living here five months. Seek the magistrate there, and ask him to send a small vessel for me, and I will remain patiently here until it arrives."

"But, Henry," he answered eagerly, "there is room. The sea is quiet, and I think I can find my way home again. Do come with us."

Again and again he urged me, but to no purpose. They all got into the boat and prepared to start, when up jumped the chief again and ran to me, pressed his nose against mine, and, with tears in his eyes, said once more, "Now, Henry, now for the last time!"

"No, Monganui, I feel I cannot."

I rushed away to my hut scarcely daring to trust myself any longer, and there gave way to a flood of tears. After the lapse of about a quarter of an hour I rushed up the rock and looked after the boat. There it was, a little white speck dancing up and down on the swelling waters. As I watched it, my heart changed once more, and I shouted and shrieked for them to come back.

Alone, alone once more! Oh! that dreadful word "alone." Perhaps I should never get away from this horrible place. Fool! Coward! How I missed the sound of human voices! How I listened for human footsteps! How horribly lonely I was! I prayed to God that they might land safely and send off some means of rescue. I felt I could not wait long; that a very short time would elapse before I became in very truth mad.

I went up the rock and strained my aching eyes with gazing across the bright blue waves. Night came at last, beautiful, still,

cloudless, and moonlit. Still I sat and gazed at the sea, listening in unutterable sadness to its moanings. At length, cold, weary, and sad, I betook me to my bed.

Unrefreshed, I woke in the morning, and, as soon as breakfast was over, took my lonely station once more on the rocks, and spent a weary day in gazing over the sea. I calculated that at least six days must elapse before any vessel could come; yet I could not leave my look-out. So passed the second day, and so the third, and so the fourth, and so the fifth.

The sixth day came. Somewhat more hopefully I took my station, waited and prayed, and watched, but the daylight faded and night came, and still no sign. So passed the seventh day, and so dawned the eighth, and so died the eighth, and so passed the ninth, and so came the tenth. On the tenth day I was scarcely conscious. Still mechanically I sat and gazed over the bright water of the cruel mocking sea.

At length, towards mid-day, I fancied I discerned a small dark speck. But I had been deceived so often that I expected it to fade away like all the rest. But no, it did not fade. I looked again, and again, and still it was there, and surely increasing in size. I rushed off for a few minutes into the forest, and when I returned—there it was still; and now I saw and knew it was a vessel coming towards the island!

Nearer, nearer, and nearer. It was a small schooner. Again I lighted my fire and watched the smoke curl upwards in dense clouds.

A gun was fired. I could not hear the report; but I could see the small puff of white smoke fading slowly away.

What passed during the next few hours I very dimly know. I have a faint idea that I shouted, and danced, and whooped, and laughed, and cried. I rushed again and again down the rocks to my hut, and then again to the rocks. Once I fell and rolled

down, tearing my clothes and skin, and bruising my hands and knees, and finally finding myself in the sea, whence with no small difficulty I emerged.

Now a small boat rapidly approached the beach, pulled by two men. I rushed down to meet them. They grounded on the pebbles. One figure leaped out and rushed up to me, throwing his arms about my neck, and rubbing his nose against mine, crying all the time like a child. I felt my hand grasped by the other. And I saw before me my two native boys.

I hastened to my hut, and taking my blankets and the things Monganui had left with me, I got into the boat and they quickly pulled me alongside the schooner. From two English sailors in her I heard my own native tongue the first time for nearly six months. How strangely it sounded in my ears!

As soon as I got on board, they took me

below and gave me some tea. I remained on deck all that night, scarcely able to realize the events of the past few months. And so I sat and watched, and thanked God through all the watches of that most blessed night.

Next day, in the early morning, we neared land. There were the ill-fated rocks. There loomed up once more that dreadful Cape Brett. A few hours and we should enter the bay.

We rounded the point, and once more I saw the houses on the beach. Strangely they seemed to sway to and fro—a mist came before my eyes. There was the well-known pier, and on it a number of faces, dark and white, all eagerly looking towards our small vessel as she swept up the bay.

Once more I got into the boat, and was rowed rapidly toward the pier. I reached the steps, and a deafening cheer saluted me. As I tried to mount the last step I fell down

on my face; and when I came to myself I was in bed in my friend's house, and a doctor sitting by my side—once more, thank God, at home!

II

THE LOSS OF THE STORE-SHIP "WAGER"

And the Sufferings of Its Crew Through Five Years of Wandering and Imprisonment

By John Byron

The grandfather of Lord Byron, the poet, was Vice Admiral John Byron of the Royal Navy. Shortly after entering the service, young Byron was serving as midshipman on the store-ship *Wager* when that vessel was lost on the bleak and desolate coast of Patagonia, May 14, 1741. After extreme miseries from hunger, cold, and exhaustion, the survivors were guided by some Indians to the island of Chiloe, but only to fall into the hands of the Spaniards, by whom they were imprisoned for several years. Byron finally reached England in February, 1745-6, old style, having heard nothing from home in all that interval.

In 1768, Byron published a "Narrative Containing an Account of the Great Distresses Suffered by Himself and His Companions on the Coast of Patagonia." This supplied some hints for the shipwreck scene in "Don Juan," whose author compares the plight of his hero "to those related in my grand-dad's 'Narrative.'" In this case, however, truth was indeed stranger than fic-

tion; for the grandfather's actual experiences were far more harrowing than the fictitious sufferings of the emotional Don. *(Editor.)*

THE *Wager* man-of-war, one of the ships attached to Commodore Anson's enterprise, had been an Indiaman, and was deeply laden with all kinds of stores, naval and military, crowded with bale-goods, and encumbered with merchandise. Thus circumstanced, she sailed with difficulty; and her crew consisted of men dispirited by the prospects before them, and worn out with past fatigues. It is not, then, to be wondered that Captain Kid, under whose command she sailed out of port, should, in his last moments, presage her ill success, though nothing material happened till after his death.

Captain Cheap succeeded to the command, and persisted in proceeding directly for the Island of Socoro, in the neighborhood of Baldivia; the capture of which place could not be effected without the junction of that

ship, which carried the ordnance and military stores.

The knowledge, therefore, of the great importance of giving such an early and unexpected blow to the Spaniards determined the captain to make the shortest way to the point in view. A sense of duty produced in him a rigid adherence to orders, from which he thought himself in no case at liberty to depart, and likewise begat a stubborn defiance of difficulties, and even of imminent dangers.

We had for some time been sensible of our approach to the land from no other tokens than weeds and birds, which are the usual indications of nearing the coast; but at length we had an imperfect view of an eminence, which we conjectured to be the mountains of the Cordilleras. This, however, was not so distinctly seen but that many conceived it to be an effect of imagination; but if the captain was persuaded of the nearness of our danger, it was now too late to avoid it; for

at this time the straps of the fore jeer-blocks breaking, the foreyard came down; and, the greatest part of the men being disabled by fatigue and sickness, it was some time before it could be got up again. The few hands who were employed in this business now plainly saw the land on the larboard beam, bearing northwest, upon which the ship was driving. Orders were then immediately given by the captain to sway the foreyard up and set the foresail; which being done, we wore ship with her head to the southward, and endeavored to crowd her off from the land; but as it blew a perfect hurricane, and right upon the shore, our endeavors (we were now only twelve hands fit for duty) were entirely fruitless. A night dreadful beyond description came on, in which, attempting to throw out our topsails to claw off the shore, they were immediately blown from the yards.

In the morning, about four o'clock, the ship struck. The shock we received upon

this occasion, though very great, yet being not unlike a blow of a heavy sea, such as, in the series of preceding storms, we had often experienced, was taken for the same; but we were soon undeceived by her striking again, more violently than before, which laid her upon her beam-ends, the sea making a fair breach over her.

In this dreadful situation the ship lay for some little time, every soul on board looking upon each succeeding minute as his last, for there was nothing but breakers to be seen all around us. At length a mountainous sea heaved her off, but she presently struck again, and broke her tiller. The man at the helm, though both rudder and tiller were gone, kept his station, and being asked by one of the officers if the ship would steer or not, first took time to make trial by the wheel, then answered, with as much respect and coolness as if the ship had been in the greatest safety, and immediately afterwards applied himself to his duty with his usual

serenity, persuaded that it did not become him to desert it as long as the ship held together. Mr. Jones, mate (who not only survived this wreck, but likewise that of the *Litchfield* man-of-war, upon the coast of Barbary), at the time when the ship was in the most imminent danger, not only showed himself undaunted, but endeavored to inspire the same resolution in the men, saying, "My friends, let us not be discouraged; did you never see a ship among breakers before? Let us endeavor to push her through them. Come, lend a hand; here is a sheet, and here is a brace; lay hold. I don't doubt but we may stick her near enough to the land to save our lives."

We now ran into an opening between the breakers, steering by the sheets and braces, when providentially we stuck fast between two great rocks; that to windward sheltering us, in some measure, from the violence of the sea. We immediately cut away the main and fore mast, but the ship kept beating in such

a manner that we imagined she would hold together but a very short time. The day now broke, and the weather, which had been extremely thick, cleared away for a few moments, and gave us a glimpse of the land, not far from us. We now thought of nothing but saving our lives. To get the boats out, as our masts were gone, was a work of some time; and when accomplished, so many were ready to jump into the first that they narrowly escaped perishing before they reached the shore.

I now went to Captain Cheap, who had the misfortune to dislocate his shoulder by a fall the day before, as he was going forward to get the foreyard swayed up, and asked him if he would go on shore; but he told me, as he had done before, that he would be the last to leave the ship, ordering me to assist in getting the men out as fast as possible.

The scene was now greatly changed; many who, but a few minutes before, had

shown the strongest signs of despair, and were on their knees praying for mercy, imagining they were now not in that immediate danger, grew very riotous, broke open every chest and box that was at hand, staved in the heads of casks of brandy and wine, as they were borne up to the hatchways, and got so drunk that some of them were drowned on board, and lay floating about the decks for several days. Before I left the ship I went down to my chest, which was at the bulkhead of the wardroom, in order to save some little matters if possible; but while I was there the ship thumped with such violence, and the water came in so fast, that I was forced to get upon the quarter-deck again without saving a single rag but what was upon my back. The boatswain and some of the people would not leave the ship so long as there was any liquor to be got at; upon which Captain Cheap suffered himself to be helped out of his bed, put into a boat, and carried on shore.

Exerting ourselves, though faint, benumbed, and almost helpless, to find some wretched shelter from the extreme inclemency of the weather, we discovered an Indian hut, at a small distance from the beach, in a wood, into which as many as possible crowded, without distinction, the night coming on exceedingly tempestuous and rainy.

In the morning the calls of hunger, which had hitherto been suppressed by our attention to more immediate dangers and difficulties, became too importunate to be resisted. We had most of us fasted eight-and-forty hours, and some longer; it was time, therefore, to make inquiry what store of sustenance had been brought from the wreck by the providence of some, and what could be procured upon the land by the industry of others. The former amounted to no more than two or three bags of biscuit-dust, reserved in a bag; and all the success of those who ventured abroad, the weather being still

exceedingly bad, was to kill one sea-gull and pick some wild celery.

We were, in all, about one hundred and forty who had got on shore; but some few still remained on board, detained either by drunkenness or a view of pillaging the wreck, and among them was the boatswain. These were visited by an officer in the yawl, who was to endeavor to prevail upon them to join the rest; but finding them in the greatest disorder, and disposed to mutiny, he was obliged to desist from his purpose, and to return without them. Though we were very desirous, and our necessities required that we should take a survey of the land upon which we were, yet being strongly prepossessed that the savages had retired but some little distance from us, and were waiting to see us divided, our parties did not this day make any great excursions from the hut; but as far as we went we found the country very morassy and unpromising.

The spot which we occupied was a bay,

formed by hilly promontories; that to the north so exceedingly steep that, in order to ascend it (for there was no going round, the bottom being washed by the sea) we were at the labor of cutting steps. This, which we called Mount Misery, was afterwards of use to us in taking some observations when the weather would permit. The southern promontory was easier of access. Having, with some others, reached a bay beyond the latter, I found some parts of the wreck, but no kind of provisions; nor did we meet with any shelter, which was the principal object of our search. We therefore returned to the rest, and that day made no other repast than what the wild celery afforded us.

The ensuing night proved tempestuous, and the sea, running very high, threatened those on board with immediate destruction by the parting of the wreck. They were then as solicitous to get ashore as they were before obstinate in refusing the assistance we sent them; and when the boat did not

come to their relief the instant they expected it, without considering how impracticable it was to send it them in such a sea, they fired one of the quarter-deck guns at the hut. The ball barely passed over the covering of it, and was plainly heard by the captain and us who were within. Another attempt, therefore, was made to bring these madmen to land; which, however, from the violence of the sea and other impediments, occasioned by the mast that lay alongside, proved ineffectual. This unavoidable delay made the people on board outrageous. They began beating to pieces everything that fell in their way; and, carrying their intemperance to the greatest excess, broke open chests and cabins for plunder that could be of no use to them. So earnest were they in this wantonness of theft that one man had evidently been murdered on account of some division of the spoil, or for the sake of the share that fell to him, having all the marks of a strangled corpse. In the outrage they seemed partic-

ularly attentive to one point, which was to provide themselves with arms and ammunition, in order to support them in putting their mutinous designs into execution, and asserting their claim to a lawless exemption from the authority of their officers, which they pretended must cease with the loss of the ship. But of these arms, of which we stood in great need, they were soon deprived, upon coming ashore, by the resolution of Captain Cheap, and Lieutenant Hamilton of the marines. It was scarcely possible to refrain from laughter at the whimsical appearance made by these fellows, who, having rifled the chests of the officers' best suits, had put them on over their greasy trousers and dirty checkered shirts. They were soon stripped of their finery, as they had before been obliged to resign their arms.

The incessant rains and intensely cold weather, in this climate, rendered it impossible for us to subsist long without shelter; and the hut being much too little to receive

us all, it was necessary, without delay, to devise some expedient which might serve our purpose; accordingly the gunner, carpenter, and some others, turning the cutter keel upwards, and fixing it upon props, made no despicable habitation. We soon procured some sea-fowl, and found limpets, mussels, and other shell-fish in tolerable abundance; but this rummaging of the shore was now rendered extremely irksome, to those who had any sensibility, by the bodies of our drowned people which were thrown upon the rocks, some of them being hideous spectacles, from their mangled condition, in consequence of the violence of surf that drove upon the coast.

We were obliged to apply to the wreck as often as possible for such supplies as could be got out of her. The difficulties we had to encounter in these visits to the wreck cannot easily be described; for, no part of it being above water excepting the quarter-deck and part of the forecastle, we were usually

obliged to purchase such things as were within reach by large hooks fastened to poles, in which business we were much incommoded by the dead bodies floating between decks.

In order to secure what we thus got, Captain Cheap ordered a store-tent to be erected near his hut as a repository, from which nothing was to be dealt out but in the measure and proportion agreed upon by the officers; and though it was very hard upon us petty officers, who were fatigued with hunting all day in quest of food, to defend this tent from invasion by night, yet no other means could be devised for this purpose so effectual as the committing of this charge to our care. In spite of our utmost vigilance, frequent robberies were committed upon our trust, the tent being accessible in more than one place.

The men were so assiduous in their research after the few things that drove from the wreck that, in order to have no sharers in their good-fortune, they examined the shore

no less by night than by day; so that many of those who were less alert, or not so fortunate as their neighbors, either perished or were driven to the last extremity. It must be observed that we were cast away on the 14th of May, and it was not till the 25th of that month that provision was regularly served from the store-tent.

The land upon which we were now settled is about ninety leagues to the north of the western mouth of the Straits of Magellan, in the latitude of between 47° and 48° south, from whence we could plainly see the Cordilleras; and as two lagoons, on the north and south of us, extended towards those mountains, we conjectured it to be an island.

Nor were we assisted in our inquiries by any observation that could be made from the eminence which we called Mount Misery, towards land, our prospect that way being intercepted by still higher hills and lofty woods. We had, therefore, no other means

of coming at this knowledge but by fitting out one of our ship's boats upon some discovery to inform us of our situation.

Our long-boat was still on board the wreck, therefore a number of hands were now despatched to cut the gunwale of the ship, in order to get her out. While we were employed in this business, three canoes of Indians appeared paddling towards us, having come round the point from the southern lagoons. It was some time before we could prevail upon them to lay aside their fears and approach us, which at length they were induced to do, by the signs of friendship we made them, and by showing some bale-goods, which they accepted, and suffered themselves to be conducted to the captain, who likewise made them several presents: with the novelty of these they were strangely affected, but particularly when shown the looking-glass; the beholder could not conceive that it was his own face which he beheld, but that of some other person behind the glass, and went

round to the back of it in order to satisfy himself.

These savages, who, upon their departure, left us a few mussels, returned in two days, and surprised us by bringing three sheep. Whence they could procure these animals, in a part of the world so distant from any Spanish settlement, cut off from all communication with the Spaniards by an inaccessible coast and unproductive country, it is difficult to conceive. At this interview we bartered with them for a dog or two, which we roasted and ate. A few days afterwards they made us another visit, and bringing their wives with them, took up their abode with us for some days, when they again left us.

Whenever we were permitted by the weather, which was now grown somewhat drier, but extremely cold, we employed ourselves about the wreck; from which we had, at different times, recovered several articles of provision; these were deposited in the store-tent. Ill-humor and discontent, from

the difficulties we labored under in procuring subsistence, and the little prospect of any amendment in our condition, was now breaking out apace. In some it showed itself by a separation of settlement and habitation; in others, by a resolution of leaving the captain entirely, and making a wild journey by themselves, without determining upon any plan whatever.

For my own part, seeing it was the fashion, and liking none of their parties, I built a little hut just big enough for myself and a poor Indian dog I found in the woods, who could shift for himself by getting limpets along the shore at low water. This creature grew so fond of me, and so faithful, that he would suffer no person to come near the hut without biting him.

Besides the seceders already mentioned, some formed a scheme of deserting us entirely; these were ten in number, the greatest part of them the most desperate and abandoned of the crew; who, to strike a nota-

ble stroke before they went off, placed half a barrel of gunpowder close to the captain's hut, laid a train to it, and were just preparing to perpetrate their wicked design of blowing up their commander, when they were with difficulty dissuaded from it, by one who had some compassion and remorse of conscience left. These wretches, after rambling some time in the woods, and finding it impracticable to get off, for they were then convinced that they were not upon the main, as they imagined when they first left us, but upon an island, within four or five leagues of it, returned and settled about a league from us; however, they were still determined, as soon as they could procure craft fit for their purpose, to get to the main. But, before they could effect this, we found means to prevail upon the armorer, and one of the carpenter's crew, two very useful men to us, who had imprudently joined them, to return to their duty. The rest, one or two excepted, having built a punt, and converted

the hull of one of the ship's masts into a canoe, went away up one of the lagoons, and were never heard of more. These being a desperate and factious set, did not distress us much by their departure, but rather added to our security.

We now sent frequent parties up the lagoons, which often succeeded in procuring some sea-fowl. The Indians appearing in the offing, we put off our yawl, in order to frustrate any design they might have of going up the lagoon towards the deserters, who would have availed themselves of some of their canoes to get upon the main.

Having conducted them in, we found that their intention was to settle among us, for they had brought with them their wives and children, in all about fifty persons, who immediately set about building themselves wigwams, and seemed easily reconciled to our company. Could we have entertained them as we ought they would have been of great assistance to us, who were extremely put to

it to procure food, being still one hundred in number. But the men, now subject to little or no control, gave the Indians such offence that in a short time they found means to depart, taking everything along with them; and we, being sensible of the cause, never expected to see them return again.

The carpenter having made some progress in repairing the long boat, in which he was enabled to proceed tolerably well by the tools and other articles of his business recovered from the wreck, the men began to think of the course they should take to get home; or, rather, having, by the application of Mr. Bulkely, borrowed of Captain Cheap Sir John Narborough's voyage, which book he saw me reading one day in my tent, they immediately, upon perusing it, concluded upon making their voyage home by the Straits of Magellan. This plan was proposed to the captain, who by no means approved of it; his design being to go northwards, with a view of seizing a ship of the enemy's, by which

means he might rejoin the commodore: at present, therefore, the matter rested.

The Indians having left us, and the weather continuing tempestuous and rainy, the distresses of the people, for want of food, became insupportable. Our number, which was at first one hundred and forty-five, was now reduced, and chiefly by famine, to one hundred; which put the rest upon all manner of shifts and devices to support themselves. One day when I was at home in my hut, with my Indian dog, a party came to my hut, and told me their necessities were such that they must eat the creature or starve. Though their plea was urgent, I could not help stating some arguments to endeavor to dissuade them from killing him, as his faithful services and fondness had rendered him dear to me; but, without weighing my arguments, they took him away by force, and killed him; upon which, thinking that I had at least as good a right to share as the rest, I sat down with them and partook of their

repast. Three weeks afterwards I was glad to make a meal of his paws and skin, which, upon recollecting the spot where they had killed him, I found thrown aside and rotten.

The pressing calls of hunger drove our men to their wits' ends, and put them upon a variety of devices to satisfy it. Among the ingenious this way was one Phipps, a boatswain's mate, who having got a water-puncheon, scuttled it; then lashing two logs, one on each side, set out in quest of adventures in this extraordinary and original piece of embarkation. By these means he would frequently provide himself with wild fowl when all the rest were starving; and it must be very bad weather indeed which could prevent him from putting out to sea, when his occasions required. Sometimes he would venture far out in the offing, and be absent the whole day; at last he had the misfortune to be overset by a very heavy sea, at a great distance from the shore, but being near a rock, though no swimmer, he managed so

as to scramble to it, and with great difficulty ascended it. There he remained two days, with very little hopes of any relief, for he was too far off to be seen from the shore; but fortunately, a boat having put off, and gone that way in quest of wild fowl, he was discovered making such signals as he was able, and brought back to the island. He was not so discouraged by this accident but that, soon afterwards, having procured an ox-hide, used on board for sifting powder, and called a gunner's hide, by the assistance of some hoops he formed something like a canoe, in which he made several successful voyages.

When the weather would permit us, we seldom failed to obtain some wild fowls, though never in any plenty, by putting off with our boats; but this most inhospitable climate is not only deprived of the sun, for the most part by a thick, rainy atmosphere, but is likewise visited by almost incessant tempests.

The long-boat being nearly finished, some of our company were selected to go out in the barge, to reconnoitre the coast to the southward, which might assist us in the navigation we were about to undertake. This party consisted of Mr. Bulkely, Mr. Jones, the purser, myself, and ten men. The first night we put into a good harbor, a few leagues to the southward of Wager's Island, where finding a large bitch with puppies, we regaled upon them.

In this expedition we had our usual bad weather and breaking seas, which grew to such a height the third day that we were obliged, through distress, to push into the first inlet we saw at hand. This we had no sooner entered, than we were presented with a view of a fine bay, in which having secured the barge, we went ashore; but the weather being very rainy, and finding nothing to subsist upon, we pitched a bell-tent we had brought with us, in the wood opposite to which the barge lay. As this tent was not

large enough to contain us all, I proposed to four of the people to go to the end of the bay, about two miles distant from the bell-tent, to occupy the skeleton of an old Indian wigwam, which I had discovered in a walk that way upon our first landing. This we covered to windward with seaweed and, lighting a fire, laid ourselves down, in hopes of finding a remedy for our hunger in sleep; but we had not long composed ourselves before one of our company was disturbed by the blowing of some animal at his face, and upon opening his eyes he was not a little astonished to see, by the glimmering of the fire, a large beast standing over him. He had sufficient presence of mind to snatch a brand from the fire, which was now very low, and thrust it at the nose of the animal, which thereupon made off. The man then awoke us, and, with horror in his countenance, acquainted us with the narrow escape he had of being devoured.

We now returned from this cruise, with

a strong gale, to Wager's Island, having found it impracticable to make any further discoveries in the barge, on so dangerous a coast, and in such heavy seas. Here we soon discovered, by the quarters of dogs which were hanging up, that the Indians had brought a fresh supply to our market. Upon inquiry we found that there had been six canoes of them, and that, among other methods of catching fish, they had made their dogs drive them into the corner of some pond or lake, whence they were easily taken by the skill and address of these savages.

During our absence on this expedition, the cabals in opposition to the captain had been carried to a greater pitch than ever, and now the men wished to negotiate, resolving no longer to obey. The determination of the majority was to go in the long-boat to the southward, by the Straits of Magellan, and when they found that the

captain would not alter his resolution, they abandoned him and the few who adhered to his fortune, taking with them almost every article of subsistence and stores. The captain and his adherents had now no other alternative than to equip the barge and yawl in the best manner they could, to prosecute his original plan; and a few deserters having been brought over to his interest, the number which remained with him amounted to twenty.

A fine day, so unusual in this climate, intervening, we instantly took advantage of it, and visited the last remains of the wreck, when we were fortunate enough to find three casks of beef, which we brought on shore. This providential supply revived our spirits, and recruited our almost exhausted strength. All participated in this relief, and soon found the good effects of it. We now began to grow extremely impatient to leave the island, as the days were nearly

at the longest, and it was about midsummer in these parts; but as to the weather, there seems to be little difference of seasons.

Accordingly, on the 15th of December, we launched both boats, and got everything on board of them as expeditiously as possible. Captain Cheap, the surgeon, and myself were in the barge with nine men; and Lieutenant Hamilton and Mr. Campbell in the yawl with six. I steered the barge, and Mr. Campbell the yawl. But we had not been two hours at sea before the wind shifted more to the westward, and began to blow very hard. The sea ran extremely high, so that we could no longer keep our head towards the cape or headland we had designed for. Of this cape we had a view, in one of the intervals of fair weather, during our abode on the island, from Mount Misery, and it seemed to be distant about twenty or thirty leagues from us.

We were now obliged to bear away right before the wind. Night was coming on and

we were running fast on a lee-shore, where the sea broke in a frightful manner. Not one among us imagined it possible for boats to live in such a sea.

In this situation, as we neared the shore, expecting to be beat to pieces by the first breaker, we perceived a small opening between the rocks, which we stood for, and found a very narrow passage between them, which brought us into a harbor for the boats, as calm and smooth as a mill-pond. The yawl had got in before us, and our joy was great at meeting again after such an unexpected deliverance.

Here we secured the boats and ascended a rock. It rained excessively hard all the first part of the night, and was extremely cold. Having thrown our provision overboard the day before, and there being no prospect of finding anything to eat on this coast, in the morning we pulled out of the cove, but found so great a sea without that we could make very little progress.

After tugging all day, we put in, towards night, among some small islands, landed upon one of them, and found it a mere swamp. As the weather continued the same, we passed this night much in the same manner as the preceding; sea-tangle was all we could get to eat at first, but the next day we had better luck; the surgeon killed a goose, and we found materials for a good fire.

Next night we put into a little cove, which, from the great quantity of red-wood found there, we called Redwood Cove. Leaving this place in the morning, we had the wind southerly, blowing fresh, by which we made much way that day to the northward. Towards evening we were in with a pretty large island. Putting ashore on it, we found it clothed with the finest trees we had ever seen, their stems running up a prodigious height, without knot or branch, and as straight as cedars. The leaves of

these trees resembled those of the myrtle, only they were somewhat larger.

The next morning, being calm, we rowed out; but as soon as we had cleared the island, we found a great swell from the westward, and rowed to the bottom of a very large bay to the northward of us. The land was very low, and we were in hopes of finding some inlet through it, but were disappointed, and therefore kept along shore to the westward. This part, which I take to be above fifty leagues from Wager's Island, is at the very bottom of the large bay. Here was the only passage to be found, of which if we could, by any means, have obtained information, we should have been saved much fruitless labor. Of this passage I shall have occasion to say more hereafter.

Having, at this time, an off-shore wind, we kept the land close on board, till we came to a headland. It was near night before we got ahead of the breast-land, and, open-

ing it, discovered a very large bay to the northward, and another headland to the westward, at a great distance. We endeavored to cut short our passage to it by crossing, which is very seldom to be effected by boats in these overgrown seas, and this we now experienced; for the wind springing up, and beginning to blow fresh, we were obliged to put back towards the first headland into a small cove, just large enough to shelter the two boats.

Here we were so pinched with hunger that we eat the shoes off our feet, which consisted of raw seal-skin. In the morning we got out of the bay, but the incessant foul weather had overcome us, and we began to be indifferent to our future fate. The boats in the night making into the bay, we nearly lost the yawl, a breaker having filled her and driven her ashore upon the beach. This, by some of our accounts, was Christmas-day; but our accounts had been so often interrupted by our distresses that no dependence

could be placed upon them. Upon seeing the yawl in this imminent danger the barge stood off, and went into another bay to the northward of it, where the water was smoother; but there was no possibility of getting on shore. In the night the yawl joined us again.

The weather, next day, proving very bad, all hands went ashore to procure some sustenance, excepting two in each boat, who were left as boat-keepers. This office we took by turns, and it was now my lot to be on this duty with another man. The yawl lay within us at a grapnel; in the night it blew very hard, and a great sea tumbled in upon the shore; but being extremely fatigued, we in the boats went to sleep. However, I was, at last, awakened by the uncommon motion of the boat, and the roaring of the breakers everywhere around us. At the same time I heard a shrieking like persons in distress. I looked out, saw the yawl canted upwards by a sea, and soon

afterwards she disappeared. One of our men, whose name was William Rose, a quarter-master, was drowned; the other was thrown ashore by the surf, with his head buried in the sand, but, by the immediate assistance of the people on shore, he was saved. As for us in the barge, we expected the same fate every moment, for the sea broke a long way without us. We, however, got her head to it, and heaved up our grapnel, or I should rather say kellick, which we had made to serve instead of our grapnel, thrown overboard some time before to lighten the boat. By these means we used our utmost efforts to pull her some distance without the breakers, and then let go our kellick again. Here we lay all the next day in a great sea, not knowing what would be our fate. To add to our mortification we could see our companions in tolerable plight ashore, eating seal, while we were starving with hunger and cold. For the

preceding month we had not known what it was to have a dry thread about us.

The next day, being somewhat more moderate, we ventured in with the barge, as near as we could, with safety, to the shore, and our companions threw us some seal's liver, which having greedily eaten, we were seized with excessive sickness, which affected us so much that our skin peeled off from head to foot.

While the people were on shore at this place, Mr. Hamilton met with a large seal, or sea-lion, and fired a brace of balls into him, upon which the animal turned upon him open-mouthed; but presently fixing his bayonet, he thrust it down his throat with a considerable part of the barrel of the gun, which the creature bit in two, apparently with as much ease as if it had been a twig. Notwithstanding the wounds he had received, he eluded all further efforts to kill him, and got clear off.

Having lost the yawl, and being too many for the barge to carry off, we were compelled to leave four of our men behind. They were all marines, who seemed to have no great objection to the determination made with regard to them, they were so exceedingly disheartened and exhausted with the distress and dangers they had undergone. Indeed, I believe it would have been a matter of indifference to most of the others whether they should embark or take their chance. The captain distributed among these poor fellows arms, ammunition, and some other necessaries. When we parted, they stood upon the beach, giving us three cheers, and calling out, "God bless the king!" We saw them a little after setting out upon their forlorn hope, and helping one another over a hideous tract of rocks; but considering the difficulties attending this only mode of travelling left them, for the woods are impenetrable, from their thickness, and the deep swamps every-

where met with in them; considering, too, that the coast here is rendered so inhospitable by the heavy seas that are constantly tumbling upon it as not to afford even a little shell-fish, it is probable that they all experienced a miserable fate. It was now resolved to go back to Wager's Island, there to linger out a miserable life, as we had not the least prospect of returning home.

We now crossed the first bay for the headland we left on Christmas day, much dejected; for under our former sufferings we were, in some measure, supported with the hopes that as we advanced, however little, they were so much nearer their termination. The shell-fish, which was the only subsistence the island had hitherto afforded in any degree, was exhausted; and the Indians had shown themselves so little affected by the common incitements of compassion that we could build no hopes upon any impressions of that nature in them. They had already refused to barter their dogs with us

for want of a valuable commodity on our side, so that it was wonderful we did not resign ourselves to despondency, and lay aside all further attempts.

At this time our usual bad weather attended us; the night likewise set in long before we could reach the cove in which we had formerly taken shelter, so that we were obliged to keep the boat's head to the sea all night, the sea everywhere astern of us running over hideous breakers. In the morning we designed to stand over for the island in which we had observed the straight, lofty trees before mentioned, and which Captain Cheap named Montrose Island; but as soon as we opened the headland to the westward of us a sudden squall took the boat and very nearly overset her. She instantly filled with water; but by baling with our hats, hands, and anything that would hold water, we, with difficulty, cleared her. Upon this alarming circumstance we found it advisable to return and put into the cove which the

night before we were prevented from entering. Here we were detained two or three days by extremely bad weather; so that had we not fortunately provided ourselves with some seals we must have starved, for this place afforded us nothing.

At length we reached Montrose Island. This is by much the best and pleasantest spot we had seen in this part of the world, though it has nothing eatable in it but some berries, which resemble gooseberries in flavor: they are black, and grow in a swampy ground. The bush, or tree, that bears them, is much taller than that of our gooseberries. We remained here some time, living upon these berries and the remainder of our seal.

Our two or three first attempts to put off from this island were without success, the tempestuous weather obliging us to return. Having no other alternative but to stay here and starve, or to put to sea again, we chose the latter, and put off in the morning,

though the weather was very little mended. Three days afterwards we arrived at our old station, Wager's Island, but in such a miserable plight that though we thought our condition upon setting out would not admit of any additional circumstances of misery, yet it was to be envied in comparison to what we now suffered, so worn out and reduced were we by fatigue and hunger, having eaten nothing for some days but seaweed and tangle. Upon this expedition we had been out, by our own account, just two months; in which we had rounded, backwards and forwards, the great bay formed to the northward by the high land we had observed from Mount Misery.

The first thing we did upon our arrival was to secure the barge, as this was our sole dependence for any relief that might offer by sea; which done, we repaired to our huts, forming a village or street, consisting of several irregular habitations. Some of these being covered by a kind of brush-wood

thatch, afforded tolerable shelter against the inclemency of the weather. Among them there was one which we observed with some surprise to be nailed up. We broke it open, and found some iron work, picked out with great pains from those pieces of the wreck which were driven ashore. Hence we concluded that the Indians who had been here in our absence were not of the same tribe as those with whom we had before had some commerce, who seemed to set no value upon iron; and that they must have had communication with the Spaniards, from whom they had learned the value and use of that commodity. Thieving from strangers is regarded among savages, in general, as a commendable talent, and bespeaks an address which they greatly admire; though the strictest honesty with regard to the property of each other is observed among them. They had, no doubt, ransacked all our houses; but the men had taken care, before they went off in the long-boat, to strip them

of their most valuable furniture; that is, the bales of cloth used for lining, which they converted into trousers and watch-coats.

At a period when despair was ready to overwhelm us, a new and unexpected prospect opened to our view. A few days after our return a party of Indians came to the island in two canoes, and were not a little surprised to find us here again. Among these was an Indian of the tribe of the Chonos, who live in the neighborhood of Chiloe, an island on the west coast of America, and the southernmost settlement under the Spanish jurisdiction on that coast. He spoke Spanish, but with that savage accent which renders it almost unintelligible to any but those who are adepts in that language. He was a cacique, or chief of his tribe, which authority was confirmed to him by the Spaniards; for he carried the usual badge and mark of distinction by which the Spaniards and their dependants hold civil and

military employments, consisting of a stick with a silver head.

Our surgeon, Mr. Elliot, being master of a few Spanish words, made himself so far understood by the cacique as to let him know that our intention was to reach some of the Spanish settlements if we could; that we were unacquainted with the best and safest way, and what track was most likely to afford us subsistence in our journey; promising, if he would undertake to conduct us in the barge, he should have it and everything in it for his trouble, as soon as it had served our present occasion.

To these conditions the cacique, after much persuasion, at length agreed. Accordingly, having made the best preparations we could, we embarked on board the barge to the number of fifteen, including the cacique, whose name was Martin, and his servant Emanuel.

The next day brought us to the bottom of a great bay, where the Indian guide had left

his family, a wife and two children, in a hut. Here we staid two or three days, during which we were constantly employed in ranging along shore in quest of shell-fish.

We now again proceeded on our voyage, having received on board the family of our guide, who conducted us to a river, the stream of which was so rapid that, after our utmost efforts from morning to evening, we gained little upon the current. After struggling with a series of almost unparalleled difficulties from cold, hunger, and fatigue, we at last reached an island about thirty leagues south of Chiloe. Here we remained two days for a favorable opportunity to cross the bay, the very thoughts of which seemed to frighten our cacique out of his senses; and, indeed, there was great reason for his apprehensions, for there ran a most dreadful hollow sea, dangerous for any open boat whatever, but a thousand times more for such a crazy vessel as we were in. He at last mustered up resolution enough to at-

tempt it, having first crossed himself for an hour together, and made a kind of lug-sail out of the bits of blankets they wore about them, sewed together with split supple-jacks. We then put off, and a terrible passage we had. The bottom plank of the canoe was split, and opened upon every sea. On coming near the shore, the cacique was eager to land, having been terrified to such a degree with this run that if it had not been for us every soul must have perished; for we had very nearly got among the breakers, where the sea drove with such violence upon the rocks that not even an Indian could have escaped, especially as it was in the night. We kept off till we got into smooth water, and landed upon the island of Chiloe, though in a part of it not inhabited.

Here we staid all the next day, in a very heavy snow, to recover ourselves a little after our fatigue; but the cold was so excessive that we thought we should have lost our feet, having neither shoes nor stockings;

and Captain Cheap was so ill that if he had had but a few leagues farther to go without relief, he could not have held out.

It is impossible for me to describe the miserable state to which we were reduced. Our bodies were so emaciated that we scarcely exhibited the figures of men. It has often happened to me in the coldest nights, both in hail and snow, where I had nothing but an open beach to lie down upon, that, in order to procure a little rest, I have been obliged to pull off my rags, as it being otherwise impossible to get a moment's sleep on account of the vermin with which they swarmed. Our sufferings in this respect grew ten times greater than even those of hunger. We were, however, all clean in comparison to Captain Cheap. He was now past attempting to rid himself in the least of his torment, as he had quite lost himself, not recollecting the names of those that were about him, nor even his own. His beard was as long as a hermit's, and that as

well as his face were covered with dirt and train-oil, from having long accustomed himself to sleep upon the bag in which he kept the pieces of seal, by way of pillow. This prudent method he took to prevent our getting at it while he slept. His legs were as large as mill-posts, though his body appeared nothing but skin and bone.

What things our cacique had brought with him from the wreck he here buried underground, in order to conceal them from the Spaniards, who would not have left him a rusty nail, if they had known of it. Towards evening we set off again, and about nine the same night, to our great joy, we observed something that had the appearance of a house. It belonged to an acquaintance of our cacique; and as he was possessed of my fowling-piece, and we had preserved about one charge of powder, he made us load it for him, and desired we would show him how to discharge it; upon which, standing up and holding his head from it as far

as possible, he fired, and fell back into the bottom of the canoe. The Indians belonging to the house, being quite unused to fire-arms, ran out and hid themselves in the woods. But after some time one of them, bolder than the rest, got upon a hill and hallooed to us, asking who and what we were. Our cacique now made himself known, and they presently came down to the boat, bringing with them some fish and plenty of potatoes. This was the most comfortable meal we had made for many long months; and as soon as it was over, we rowed about two miles farther to a little village, where we landed.

Here our cacique presently awakened all the inhabitants by the noise he made, obliged one of them to open his door to us, and immediately to make a large fire, for the weather was very severe, this being the month of June, which is the depth of winter in this part of the world. The Indians now flocked about us, and manifested great com-

passion as our cacique related to them what part he knew of our history.

These good-natured, compassionate creatures seemed to vie with each other who should be the most attentive to us. They made a bed of sheepskins close to the fire for Captain Cheap and laid him upon it; and, indeed, had it not been for the kind assistance he now met with, he could not have survived three days longer. Though it was about midnight, they went out and killed a sheep, of which they made broth, and baked a large cake of barley meal. Any person may imagine what a treat this was to wretches who had not tasted a morsel of bread or any wholesome food for such a length of time.

After we could eat no longer, we went to sleep about the fire, which the Indians took care to keep up. In the morning the women came from far and near, each bringing something with her. Almost every one had a pipkin in her hand, containing either

fowls or mutton made into broth, potatoes, eggs, or other eatables.

Upon our arrival at this place they had despatched a messenger to the Spanish corregidor, at Castro, a town at a considerable distance, informing him of the circumstance. At the end of three days this man returned, with an order to the chief caciques of the Indians we were among to send us thither.

When we came to the corregidor's house we found it full of people. He was an old man, very tall, with a long cloak, a tie wig, and a spado of immense length by his side. He received us in great state; but as we had no interpreter, we understood little or nothing of the questions he asked us.

He ordered a table to be spread for us with cold ham and fowls, to which only three of us sat down, and in a short time despatched more than ten men with common appetites could have done. It is amazing that our eating to such excess, from the time we first got among the kind Indians, had not

killed us. We were never satisfied, and used for some months afterwards to take all opportunities of filling our pockets when we were not seen, that we might get up two or three times in the night to cram ourselves. Captain Cheap used to declare that he was quite ashamed of himself.

After supper the corregidor carried us to the Jesuits' College, attended by the soldiers and all the rabble of the town. This was intended for our prison for the present, till orders should be received from the governor, who resided at Chaco, above thirty leagues from that place. When we arrived at the college, the corregidor desired the father provincial, as they styled him, or the head of the Jesuits, to find out of what religion we were, or whether we had any or not. He then retired, the gates were shut, and we were conducted to a cell. We found in it something like beds, spread on the floor, and an old shirt apiece, ragged it is true, but clean, which was of infinite service to us;

nor did eating, at first, give me half the satisfaction I received from this treasure of an old shirt. Though this college was large, there were but four Jesuits in it, and no other individual of that order upon the island.

In the morning Captain Cheap was sent for by the father provincial: their conversation was carried on in Latin, perhaps not the best on either side; however they made shift to understand each other. When he returned he told us that the good fathers were still harping upon what things of value we might have saved and concealed about us, and that if we had anything of that sort, we could not do better than to let them have it. Religion seemed to be out of the question at present; but a day or two afterwards, the corregidor, being informed that we were heretics, desired the Jesuits to convert us; but one of them told him it was a mere joke to attempt it, as we could have no inducement upon that island to change our reli-

gion; adding, that when we got to Chili, in that delightful country, where there was nothing but diversions and amusements, we should be converted fast enough.

We kept close to our cell till the bell rang for dinner, when we were conducted to a hall, where there was one table for the fathers and another for us. After a very long Latin prayer, we sat down and ate what was set before us, without a single word passing at either table. As soon as we had finished there was another long prayer, which, however, did not appear so tedious as the first, and then we retired again to our cell. In this manner we spent eight days without ever stirring out, all which time we might have imagined ourselves out of the world; for, excepting the dinner-bell, a silence reigned throughout the whole as if the place had been uninhabited.

On the eighth evening we heard a violent knocking at the gate, which was no sooner

opened than there appeared a young officer, booted and spurred, who acquainted the fathers that he was sent by the governor to conduct us to Chaco.

Upon our arrival we were treated with great politeness, and enjoyed the liberty of visiting all who invited us; among the houses we visited there was one belonging to an old priest, who was esteemed one of the richest persons upon the island. He had a niece, of whom he was extremely fond, and who was to inherit all he possessed. He had taken a great deal of pains with her education, and she was reckoned one of the most accomplished young ladies of Chiloe. Her person was good, though she could not be called a regular beauty. This young lady did me the honor to take more notice of me than I deserved, and proposed to her uncle to convert, and afterwards begged his consent to marry me.

As the old man doated upon her, he readily agreed to it; and, accordingly, on the

next visit I made him, he acquainted me with the young lady's proposal, and his approbation of it, taking me, at the same time, into a room where there were several chests and boxes, which he unlocked, first showing what a quantity of fine clothes his niece had, and then his own wardrobe, which, he said, should be mine at his death. Among other things he produced a piece of linen, promising that it should immediately be made up into shirts for me. I own this article was a great temptation to me. I had, however, the resolution to withstand it, and made the best excuses I could for not accepting the honor they intended me; for by this time I could speak Spanish well enough to make myself understood.

After various changes of fortune and situation, an order came from the president to send Captain Cheap and Mr. Hamilton, who were known to be officers, by having saved their commissions, to St. Jago, the capital of Chili, while Mr. Campbell and I,

who had lost ours, were committed to prison.

There were, at this time, several ships in the port delivering their cargoes; so that almost every day there were large droves of mules going up to St. Jago with goods. The governor, at the solicitation of Captain Cheap, sent for one of the master-carriers, and ordered him to take us with him. The man asked him how he was to be paid for expenses, as he should be five days upon the road. The governor told him he might get that as he could, for he would not advance him a single farthing. A soldier who guarded us, though he had a wife and six children to maintain out of his slender pay, humanely exerted himself to render our imprisonment more tolerable, and, at our departure, brought us some little matters to carry with us. We travelled about fourteen miles the first day, and lay at night in the open field, which is always the custom of these people, stopping where there is plenty of pasture and good water for the mules.

The next morning we passed over a high mountain, called Zapata; and then crossing a large plain, we passed another mountain, very difficult for the mules, each of which carried two heavy bales: there were above one hundred of them in this drove. The mules of Chili are the finest in the world; and though they are continually upon the road, and have nothing but what they pick up at nights, they are as fat and sleek as high-fed horses in England.

The fourth night we lay upon a plain in sight of St. Jago, and not above four leagues from it. The next day, as we moved towards the city, our master-carrier, who was naturally well-disposed, and had been kind to us all the way, advised me very seriously not to think of remaining at St. Jago, where, he said, there was nothing but extravagance, vice, and folly, but to proceed with him as a mule-driver, at which he said I should soon be very expert, adding that they led an innocent and happy life, far

preferable to any enjoyment such a great city as that before us could afford. I expressed my acknowledgments for his kindness, but told him I would try the city first, and if I did not like it I would accept of the offer he was so good as to make me. The thing that gave him this high opinion of me was, that as he had been so civil to us, I was very officious in assisting to drive in those mules that strayed from the rest, upon the large plains over which we passed; and this, I thought, was the least I could do towards making some return for the obligations we owed him.

When we got into St. Jago the carrier delivered us to the captain of the guard at the palace gate; he soon afterwards introduced us to the president, Don Joseph Manso, who received us with much civility, and then sent us to the house where Captain Cheap and Mr. Hamilton were. We found them extremely well lodged at the house of a Scotch physician, whose name was Don

Patricio Gedd. This gentleman had been a long time in that city, and was greatly esteemed by the Spaniards, as well for his abilities in his profession as for the humanity of his disposition. He no sooner heard that four English prisoners had arrived in that country than he waited on the president and begged they might be lodged in his house. This was granted, and had we been his own brothers we could not have met with a more friendly reception; and during two years that we were with him it was his constant study to make everything as agreeable to us as possible. We were greatly distressed to think of the expense he was at upon our account; but it was in vain to argue with him about it. In short, to sum up his character in a few words, there never was a man of more extensive humanity.

Two or three days after our arrival, the president sent Mr. Campbell and me an invitation to dine with him, where we were to meet Admiral Pizarro and all his officers.

This was a cruel stroke upon us, as we had not any clothes fit to appear in, and dared not refuse the invitation. The next day a Spanish officer belonging to Admiral Pizarro's squadron, whose name was Don Manuel de Guirro, came and made us an offer of two thousand dollars. This generous Spaniard made this offer without any view of ever being repaid, but purely from a compassionate motive of relieving us in our present distress. We returned him all the acknowledgments his uncommonly generous behavior merited, and accepted of six hundred dollars, upon his receiving our draft on the English consul at Lisbon. We now clothed ourselves decently in the Spanish fashion; and as we were upon our parole, we went out where we pleased to divert ourselves.

After two years' residence at St. Jago, we embarked on board the *Lys* frigate, belonging to St. Malo, leaving Mr. Campbell behind, by his own choice. She was a ship

of four hundred and twenty tons, sixteen guns, and sixty men. Among other passengers were the celebrated Don George Juan, and Don Antonio Ulloa, who had been several years in Peru, engaged in scientific pursuits. We were now bound to Conception in order to join three other French ships that were likewise proceeding home.

As this was a time when the southerly winds prevail upon this coast, we stood off a long way to the westward, making the island of Juan Fernandez. We did not get into the bay of Conception till the 6th of January, 1745.

In the homeward passage some of the French ships were captured by the English, but the *Lys* escaped; and on the 31st of October we came to an anchor in Brest road. The *Lys,* having a valuable cargo on board, was towed into harbor next morning and lashed alongside one of the men-of-war. The money was soon landed, and the officers and men who had been so many years absent

from their native country were glad to get on shore. Nobody remained on board but a man or two to look after the ship, and we three English prisoners, who had not leave to go on shore. The weather was extremely cold, and felt particularly so to us, who had been so long used to hot climates; and what made it still worse we were very thinly clad. We had neither fire nor candle, which are not allowed on board of any ship in the harbor for fear of accidents, being close to their magazines in the dock-yard. Some of the officers belonging to the ship were so kind as to send us victuals every day, or we might have starved; for M. l'Intendant never sent us even a message; and though there was a very large squadron of men-of-war fitting out at that time, not one officer belonging to them ever came near to Captain Cheap. From five in the evening we were obliged to sit in the dark; and if we chose to have any supper, it was necessary to place it very near us be-

fore that time, otherwise we never could have found it.

We had passed seven or eight days in this melancholy manner, when, one morning, a row-galley came alongside with a number of English prisoners belonging to large privateers the French had taken. We were ordered into the same boat with them, and carried four leagues up the river to Landernau. At this town we were upon our parole. We took the best lodgings we could get, and lived very well for three months, when an order came from the court of Spain to allow us to return home by the first ship that offered.

Upon this, hearing there was a Dutch ship at Morlaix ready to sail, we took horses and travelled to that town, where we were obliged to remain six weeks before we had an opportunity of getting away. At last we agreed with the master of a Dutch dogger to land us at Dover, and paid him beforehand. When he had got down the

river into the road a French privateer, that was ready to sail upon a cruise, hailed the Dutchman, ordering him to come to anchor, adding that if he offered to sail before him he would sink him. This command he was forced to comply with, and lay three days in the road, cursing the Frenchman, who, at the end of that time, put to sea, and left him at liberty to do the same.

We had a long, uncomfortable passage. About the ninth day, before sunset, we saw Dover, and reminded the Dutchman of his agreement to land us there. He said he would; but, instead of keeping his word, in the morning we were off the coast of France. We loudly complained of this piece of villainy, and insisted upon his returning to land us, when an English man-of-war appeared to windward, and presently bore down to us. She sent her boat on board with an officer, who informed us that the ship he came from was the *Squirrel,* commanded by Captain Masterson.

We went on board of her, and Captain Masterson immediately sent one of the cutters he had with him to land us at Dover, where we arrived that afternoon, and directly set off for Canterbury upon post-horses; but Captain Cheap was so tired by the time he got there that he could proceed no farther that night. The next morning he still found himself so much fatigued that he could ride no longer; therefore it was agreed that he and Mr. Hamilton should take a post-chaise, and that I should ride. But here an unlucky difficulty was started; for, upon sharing the little money we had, it was found to be not sufficient to pay the charges to London; and my proportion fell so short that it was, by calculation, barely enough to pay for horses, without a farthing for eating a morsel upon the road, or even for the very turnpikes. Those I was obliged to defraud by riding as hard as I could through them all, not paying the least regard to the men who called out to stop me.

The want of refreshment I bore as well as I could.

When I got to the borough I took a coach and drove to Marlborough Street, where my friends lived when I left England; but when I came there I found the house shut up. Having been absent so many years, and having in all that time never heard a word from home, I knew not who was dead or who was living, or where to go next, or even how to pay the coachman. I recollected a linen-draper's shop not far from thence, at which our family used to deal. I therefore drove thither, and, making myself known, they paid the coachman. I then inquired after our family, and was told that my sister had married Lord Carlisle, and was at that time in Soho Square. I immediately walked to the house, and knocked at the door. But the porter, not liking my figure, being half French and half Spanish, with an addition of a large pair of boots covered with dirt, was going to shut the door in my

face, but I prevailed upon him to let me in. I need not acquaint the reader with the surprise and joy with which my sister received me. She immediately furnished me with money sufficient to appear like the rest of my countrymen. Till that time I could not properly be said to have finished all the extraordinary scenes in which I had been involved by a series of adventures for the space of five years and upwards.

Some of those who abandoned Captain Cheap, and had pursued a different route through the Straits of Magellan in the long-boat, had previously reached their native land; but the number of those who had this good-fortune was comparatively small, and their distresses, for variety and duration, were almost without a parallel.

III

THE CASTAWAYS OF THE SLOOP "BETSY"

REPORT OF HER COMMANDER, CAPTAIN PHILIP AUBIN

ON the 1st of August, 1756, I set sail for Surinam, from Carlisle Bay, in the Island of Barbadoes. My sloop, of about eighty tons' burthen, was built entirely of cedar, and freighted by Messrs. Roscoe & Nyles, merchants of Bridgetown. The cargo consisted of provisions of every kind, and horses. The Dutch colony, being in want of a supply of those animals, passed a law that no English vessel should be permitted to trade there if horses did not constitute part of her cargo. The Dutch were so rigid in enforcing this condition, that, if the horses chanced to die in the passage, the master of the vessel was obliged to preserve the ears and hoofs of the

animals, and to swear, upon entering the port of Surinam, that when he embarked they were alive, and destined for that colony.

The coast of Surinam, Berbice, Demerara, Oronoko, and all the adjacent parts are low lands, and inundated by large rivers, which discharge themselves into the sea. The bottom all along the coast is composed of a kind of mud or clay, in which the anchors sink to the depth of three or four fathoms, and upon which the keel sometimes strikes without stopping the vessel. The sloop being at anchor three leagues and a half from the shore, in five fathoms water, the mouth of the River Demerara bearing S. ¼ S. W., and it being in the rainy season, my crew drew up water from the sea for their use, which was just as sweet and good as river-water. The current occasioned by the trade-winds and the numerous rivers which fall into the sea carried us at the rate of four miles an hour towards the west and northwest.

In the evening of the 4th of August I was tacking about between the latitude of ten and twelve degrees north, with a fresh breeze, which obliged me to reef my sails. At midnight, finding that the wind increased in proportion as the moon, then on the wane, rose above the horizon, and that my bark, which was deeply laden, labored excessively, I would not retire to rest till the weather became more moderate. I told my mate, whose name was Williams, to bring me a bottle of beer, and, both sitting down, I upon a hen-coop and Williams upon the deck, we began to tell stories to pass the time, according to the custom of mariners of every country. The vessel suddenly turned with her broadside to windward; I called to one of the seamen to put the helm a-weather, but he replied it had been so for some time. I directed my mate to see if the cord were not entangled; he informed me that it was not. At this moment the vessel swung round with her head to the sea, and plunged; her head

filled in such a manner that she could not rise above the surf, which broke over us to the height of the anchor-stocks, and we were presently up to our necks in water; everything in the cabin was washed away. Some of the crew, which consisted of nine men, were drowned in their hammocks, without uttering a cry or a groan. When the wave had passed I took the hatchet, that was hung up near the fireplace, to cut away the shrouds to prevent the ship from upsetting, but in vain. She upset, and turned over again, with her masts and sails in the water; the horses rolled one over the other, and were drowned, forming altogether a most melancholy spectacle.

I had but one small boat, about twelve or thirteen feet long; she was fixed, with a cable coiled inside of her, between the pump and the side of the ship. Providentially for our preservation there was no occasion to lash her fast; but we at this time entertained no hope of seeing her again, as the large cable

within her, together with the weight of the horses, and their stalls entangled one among another, prevented her from rising to the surface of the water.

In this dreadful situation, holding by the shrouds, and stripping off my clothes, I looked round me for some plank or empty box to preserve my life as long as it should please the Almighty, when I perceived my mate and two seamen hanging by a rope, and imploring God to receive their souls. I told them that the man who was not resigned to die when it pleased his Creator to call him out of the world was not fit to live. I advised them to undress as I had done, and to endeavor to seize the first object that could assist them in preserving their lives. Williams followed my advice, stripped himself quite naked, and betook himself to swimming, looking out for whatever he could find. A moment afterwards he cried out, "Here is the boat, keel uppermost!" I immediately swam to him, and found him hold-

ing the boat by the keel. We then set to work to turn her, but in vain; at length, however, Williams, who was the heaviest and strongest of the two, contrived to set his feet against the gunwale of the boat, laying hold of the keel with his hands, and with a violent effort nearly succeeded in overturning her. I, being to windward, pushed and lifted her up with my shoulders on the opposite side. At length, with the assistance of the surf, we turned her over, but she was full of water. I got into her, and endeavored, by means of a rope belonging to the rigging, to draw her to the mast of the vessel. In the intervals between the waves the mast always rose to the height of fifteen or twenty feet above the water. I passed the end of the rope fastened to the boat once round the head of the mast, keeping hold of the end; each time that the mast rose out of the water it lifted up both the boat and me; I then let go the rope, and by this expedient the boat was three fourths emptied; but, having nothing

to enable me to disengage her from the mast and shrouds, they fell down upon me, driving the boat and me again under water.

After repeated attempts to empty her, in which I was cruelly wounded and bruised, I began to haul the boat, filled with water, towards the vessel by the shrouds; but the bark had sunk by this time to such a depth that only a small part of her stern was to be seen, upon which my mate and two other seamen were holding fast by a rope. I threw myself into the water, with the rope of the boat in my mouth, and swam towards them to give them the end to lay hold of, hoping, by our united strength, that we should be able to haul the boat over the stern of the vessel; we exerted our utmost efforts; and at this moment I nearly had my thigh broken by a shock of the boat, being between her and the ship. At length we succeeded in hauling her over the stern, but had the misfortune to break a hole in her bottom in this manœuvre. As soon as my thigh was a little recovered

from the blow I jumped into her with one of the men, and stopped the leak with a piece of his coarse shirt. It was extremely fortunate for us that this man did not know how to swim; it will soon be seen what benefit we derived from his ignorance; had it not been for this we must all have perished. Being unable to swim, he had not stripped, and had thus preserved his coarse shirt, a knife that was in his pocket, and an enormous hat, in the Dutch fashion. The boat, being fastened to the rigging, was no sooner clear of the greatest part of the water than a dog of mine came to me, running along the gunwale; I took him in, thanking Providence for having thus sent provision for a time of necessity. A moment after the dog had entered the rope broke with a jerk of the vessel, and I found myself drifting away. I called my mate and the other man, who swam to me; the former had fortunately found a small spare topmast, which served us for a rudder. We assisted the two others

to get into the boat, and soon lost sight of our ill-fated bark.

It was then four o'clock in the morning, as I judged by the dawn of day, which began to appear, so that about two hours had elapsed since we were obliged to abandon her. What prevented her from foundering sooner was my having taken on board about one hundred and fifty barrels of biscuit, as many or more casks of flour, and three hundred firkins of butter, all which substances float upon the water, and are soaked through but slowly and by degrees. As soon as we were clear of the wreck we kept the boat before the wind as well as we could, and when it grew light I perceived several articles that had floated from the vessel. I perceived my box of clothes and linen, which had been carried out of the cabin by the violence of the waves. I felt an emotion of joy. The box contained some bottles of orange and lime water, a few pounds of chocolate, sugar, etc. Reaching over the gunwale of our boat, we

laid hold of the box, and used every effort to open it on the water, for we could not think of getting it into the boat, being of a size and weight sufficient to sink her. In spite of all our endeavors we could not force open the lid; we were obliged to leave it behind, with all the good things it contained; and, to increase our distress, we had by this effort almost filled our boat with water, and had more than once nearly sunk her.

We, however, had the good-fortune to pick up thirteen onions; we saw many more, but were unable to reach them. These thirteen onions and my dog, without a single drop of fresh water, or any liquor whatever, were all that we had to subsist on. We were, according to my computation, about fifty leagues from land, having neither mast, sails, nor oars to direct us, nor any kind of articles besides the knife of the sailor who could not swim, his shirt, a piece of which we had already used to stop the leak in our boat, and his wide trousers. We this

day cut the remainder of his shirt into strips, which we twisted for rigging, and then fell to work alternately to loosen the planks with which the boat was lined, cutting, by dint of time and patience, all round the heads of the nails that fastened them. Of these planks we made a kind of mast, which we tied to the foremost bench; a piece of board was substituted for a yard, to which we fastened the two parts of the trousers, which served for sails, and assisted us in keeping the boat before the wind, steering with the topmast, as mentioned before.

As the pieces of plank which we had detached from the inside of the boat were too short, and were not sufficient to go quite round the edge when the sea ran very high, we were obliged, in order to prevent the waves from entering the boat, to lie down several times along the gunwale on each side, with our backs to the water, and thus with our bodies to repel the surf, while the other, with the Dutch hat, was incessantly em-

ployed in baling out the water; besides which, the boat continued to make water at the leak, which we were unable entirely to stop.

It was in this melancholy situation, and stark naked, that we kept the boat before the wind as well as we could. The night of the first day after our shipwreck arrived before we had well completed our sail; it grew quite dark, and we contrived to keep our boat running before the wind at the rate of about a league an hour. The second day was more calm; we each ate an onion, at different times, and began to feel thirst. In the night of the second day the wind became violent and variable, and sometimes blowing from the north, which caused me great uneasiness, being obliged to steer south in order to keep the boat before the wind, whereas we could only hope to be saved by proceeding from east to west.

The third day we began to suffer exceedingly, not only from hunger and thirst, but likewise from the heat of the sun, which

scorched us in such a manner that, from the neck to the feet, our skin was as red and as full of blisters as if we had been burned by a fire. I then seized my dog, and plunged the knife in his throat. I cannot even now refrain from weeping at the thought of it; but at the moment I felt not the least compassion for him. We caught his blood in the hat, receiving in our hands and drinking what ran over; we afterwards drank in turn out of the hat, and felt ourselves refreshed. The fourth day the wind was extremely violent, and the sea ran very high, so that we were more than once on the point of perishing; it was on this day in particular that we were obliged to make a rampart of our bodies in order to repel the waves. About noon a ray of hope dawned upon us, but soon vanished.

We perceived a sloop, commanded by Captain Southey, which, like my vessel, belonged to the island of Barbadoes, and was bound to Demerara; we could see the crew

walking upon the deck, and shouted to them, but were neither seen nor heard. Being obliged, by the violence of the gale, to keep our boat before the wind, for fear of foundering, we had passed her a great distance before she crossed us; she steering direct south, and we bearing away to the west. Captain Southey was one of my particular friends. This disappointment so discouraged my two seamen that they refused to endeavor any longer to save their lives. In spite of all I could say, one of them would do nothing, not even bale out the water which gained upon us; I had recourse to entreaties; fell at his knees; but he remained unmoved. My mate and I, at length, prevailed upon him, by threatening to kill him instantly with the top-mast, which we used to steer by, and to kill ourselves afterwards, to put a period to our misery. This menace made some impression on him, and he resumed his employment of baling as before.

On this day I set the others the example of

eating a piece of the dog with some onions; it was with difficulty that I swallowed a few mouthfuls; but in an hour I felt that this morsel of food had given me vigor. My mate, who was of a much stronger constitution, ate more, which gave me much pleasure; one of the two men likewise tasted it, but the other, whose name was Comings, either would not or could not swallow a morsel.

The fifth day was more calm, and the sea much smoother. At daybreak we perceived an enormous shark, as large as our boat, which followed us several hours, as prey that was destined for him. We also found in our boat a flying-fish, which had dropped there during the night; we divided it into four parts, which we chewed to moisten our mouths. It was on this day that, when pressed with hunger and despair, my mate, Williams, had the generosity to exhort us to cut off a piece of his thigh to refresh ourselves with the blood, and to support life. In the night we had several heavy showers,

with some wind. We tried to get some rain-water by wringing the trousers which served us for a sail, but when we caught it in our mouths it proved to be as salt as that of the sea, the trousers having been so often soaked with sea-water that they, as well as the hat, were quite impregnated with salt. Thus we had no other resource but to open our mouths and catch the drops of rain upon our tongues in order to cool them; after the shower was over we again fastened the trousers to the mast.

On the sixth day the two seamen, notwithstanding all my remonstrances, drank sea-water, which purged them so excessively that they fell into a kind of delirium, and were of no more service to Williams and me. Both he and I kept a nail in our mouths, and from time to time sprinkled our heads with water to cool them. I perceived myself the better for these ablutions, and that my head was more easy. We tried several times to eat of the dog's flesh, with a morsel of onion;

but I thought myself fortunate if I could get down three or four mouthfuls. My mate always ate rather more than I could.

The seventh day was fine, with a moderate breeze, and the sea perfectly calm. About noon the two men who had drunk sea-water grew so weak that they began to talk wildly, like people who are light-headed, not knowing any longer whether they were at sea or on shore. My mate and I were so weak, too, that we could scarcely stand on our legs or steer the boat in our turns, or bale the water from the boat, which made a great deal at the leak.

In the morning of the eighth day John Comings died, and three hours afterwards George Simpson likewise expired. The same evening, at sunset, we had the inexpressible satisfaction of discovering the high lands on the west point of the island of Tobago. Hope gave us new strength. We kept the head of the boat towards the land at night, with a light breeze and a strong

current, which was in our favor. Williams and I were that night in an extraordinary situation, our two comrades lying dead before us, with the land in sight, having very little wind to approach it, and being assisted only by the current, which drove strongly to westward. In the morning we were not, according to my computation, more than five or six leagues from the land. That happy day was the last of our sufferings at sea. We kept steering the boat the whole day towards the shore, though we were no longer able to stand. In the evening the wind lulled, and it fell calm; but about two o'clock in the morning the current cast us on the beach of the island of Tobago, at the foot of a high shore, between Little Tobago and Man-of-War Bay, which is the easternmost part of the island. The boat soon bulged with the shock; my unfortunate companion and I crawled to the shore, leaving the bodies of our two comrades in the boat, and the remainder of the dog, which was quite putrid.

We clambered, as well as we could, on all fours along the high coast, which rose almost perpendicularly to the height of three or four hundred feet. A great quantity of leaves had dropped down to the place where we were from the numerous trees over our heads; these we collected, and lay down upon them to wait for daylight. When it began to dawn we sought about for water, and found some in the holes of the rocks; but it was brackish, and not fit to drink. We perceived on the rocks around us several kinds of shell-fish, some of which we broke open with a stone, and chewed them to moisten our mouths.

Between eight and nine o'clock we were perceived by a young Carib, who was sometimes walking and at others swimming towards the boat. As soon as he had reached it he called his companions with loud shouts, making signs of the greatest compassion. His comrades instantly followed him, and swam towards us, having perceived us almost

at the same time. The oldest, who was about sixty, approached us with the two youngest, whom we afterwards found to be his son and son-in-law. At the sight of us the tears flowed from their eyes; I endeavored, by words and signs, to make them comprehend that we had been nine days at sea, in want of everything. They understood a few French words, and signified that they would fetch a boat to convey us to their hut. The old man took a handkerchief from his head and tied it round mine, and one of the young Caribs gave Williams his straw hat; the other swam round the projecting rock, and brought us a calabash of fresh water, some cakes of cassava, and a piece of broiled fish; but we could not eat. The two others took the two corpses out of the boat, and laid them upon the rock; after which all three of them hauled the boat out of the water. Then they left us, with marks of the utmost compassion, and went to fetch their canoe.

About noon they returned in their canoe,

to the number of six, and brought with them, in an earthen pot, some soup, which we thought delicious. We took a little, but my stomach was so weak that I immediately cast it up again; Williams did not vomit at all. In less than two hours we arrived at Man-of-War Bay, where the huts of the Caribs were situated. They had only one hammock, in which they laid me, and the woman made us a very agreeable mess of herbs and broth of quatracas and pigeons. They bathed my wounds with a decoction of tobacco and other plants. Every morning the man lifted me out of the hammock, and carried me in his arms beneath a lemon-tree, where he covered me with plantain-leaves to screen me from the sun. There they anointed our bodies with a kind of oil, to cure the blisters raised by the sun. Our compassionate hosts even had the generosity to give each of us a shirt and a pair of trousers, which they had procured from the ships

that came from time to time to trade with them for turtles and tortoise-shell.

After they had cleansed my wounds, they kept me with my legs suspended in the air, and anointed them morning and evening with an oil extracted from the tail of a small crab, resembling what the English call the soldier-crab, because its shell is red. They take a certain quantity of these crabs, bruise the ends of their tails, and put them to digest in a large shell upon the fire. It was with this ointment that they healed my wounds, covering them with nothing but plantain leaves.

Thanks to the nourishing food procured us by the Caribs, and their humane attention, I was able, in about three weeks, to support myself upon crutches, like a person recovering from a severe illness. The natives flocked from all parts of the island to see us, and never came empty-handed; sometimes bringing eggs, and at others fowls, which

were given with pleasure and accepted with gratitude. We even had visitors from the island of Trinidad. I cut my name with a knife upon several boards, and gave them to different Caribs, to show them to any ships which chance might conduct to the coast. We almost despaired of seeing any arrive, when a sloop from Oronoko, laden with mules and bound to St. Pierre, in the island of Martinique, touched at the sandy point on the west side of Tobago. The Indians showed the crew a plank upon which my name was carved, and acquainted them with our situation. Upon the arrival of this vessel at St. Pierre, those on board related the circumstance. Several merchants of my acquaintance, who traded under Dutch colors, happened to be there; they transmitted the information to my owners, Messrs. Roscoe & Nyles, who instantly despatched a small vessel in quest of us. After living about nine weeks with this benevolent and charitable tribe of savages, I embarked and left

them, when my regret was equal to the joy and surprise I had experienced at meeting with them.

When we were ready to depart they furnished us with an abundant supply of bananas, figs, yams, fowls, fish, and fruits; particularly oranges and lemons. I had nothing to give them as an acknowledgment of their generous treatment but my boat, which they had repaired, and used for occasionally visiting their nests of turtles: being larger than their canoes, it was much more fit for that purpose. Of this I made them a present, and would have given them my blood. My friend, Captain Young, assisted me to remunerate my benefactors. He gave me all the rum he had with him, being about seven or eight bottles, which I likewise presented to them. He also gave them several shirts and trousers, some knives, fish-hooks, sail-cloth for the boat, with needles and ropes.

At length, after two days spent in prepa-

rations for our departure, we were obliged to separate. They came down to the beach to the number of about thirty, men, women, and children, and all appeared to feel the sincerest sorrow, especially the old man, who had acted like a father to me. When the vessel left the bay, the tears flowed from our eyes, which still continued fixed upon them. They remained standing in a line upon the shore till they lost sight of us. As we set sail about nine o'clock in the morning, steering northeast, and as Man-of-War Bay is situated at the northeast point of the island, we were a long time in sight of each other. I still recollect the moment when they disappeared from my sight, and the profound regret which filled my heart. I feared that I should never again be so happy as I had been among them. I love them, and will continue to love my dear Caribs as long as I live; I would shed my blood for the first of those benevolent savages that might stand in

need of my assistance, if chance should ever bring one of them to Europe, or my destiny should again conduct me to their island.

IV

THE WRECK OF THE "PHŒNIX" MAN-OF-WAR

By Lieutenant Archer

At the outbreak of the American Revolution, the *Phœnix*, of Lord Howe's fleet, was commanded by Captain Hyde Parker. In October, 1776, she was sent, at the head of a small squadron, to occupy the North River and thus prevent the transportation of supplies to General Washington's army in New York. The passage of the lower river was blocked by formidable obstructions, on a plan invented by Benjamin Franklin, but Parker succeeded in destroying them; a service deemed so important that he was knighted for it.

In October, 1780, the *Phœnix*, still under the same commander, was lost in a hurricane on the coast of Cuba, while convoying the trade to Jamaica. A vivid account of this shipwreck is here given, from the pen of one of the officers, Lieutenant Archer, in a letter to his mother. *(Editor.)*

At Sea, June 30, 1781.

My Dearest Madame.—I am now going to give you an account of our last cruise in the *Phœnix*, and must premise that should any-

one see it besides yourself they must put this construction on it: that it was originally intended for the eyes of a mother, and a mother only—as upon that supposition my feelings may be tolerated. You will also meet with a number of sea terms which, if you don't understand, why, I cannot help you, as I am unable to give a sea description in any other words.

To begin, then: On the 2d of August, 1780, we weighed and sailed for Port Royal, bound for Pensacola, having two store-ships under convoy, and to see safe in; then cruise off the Havana and in the Gulf of Mexico for six weeks.

In a few days we made the two sandy islands, that look as if they had just risen out of the sea, or fallen from the sky, inhabited, nevertheless, by upwards of three hundred English, who get their bread by catching turtle and parrots and raising vegetables, which they exchange with ships that pass,

for clothing and a few of the luxuries of life, as rum, etc.

About the 12th we arrived at Pensacola, without anything remarkable happening except our catching a vast quantity of fish—sharks, dolphins, and bonitoes. On the 13th sailed singly, and on the 14th had a very heavy gale of wind, right off the land, so that we soon left the sweet place Pensacola a distance astern. We then looked into the Havana, saw a number of ships there, and knowing that some of them were bound round the bay, we cruised in the track. A fortnight, however, passed, and not a single ship hove in sight to cheer our spirits. We then took a turn or two round the gulf, but not near enough to be seen from the shore. Vera Cruz we expected would have made us happy, but the same luck still continued. Day followed day, and no sail.

Nothing remarkable happened for ten days afterwards, when we chased a Yankee man-of-war for six hours, but could not

get near enough to her before it was dark to keep sight of her, so that we lost her because unable to carry any sail on our mainmast.

In about twelve days more made the island of Jamaica, having weathered all the squalls, and put into Montego Bay for water; so that we had a strong party for kicking up a dust on shore, having found three men-of-war lying there. Dancing, etc., etc., till two o'clock every morning, little thinking what was to happen in four days' time; for out of the four men-of-war that were there not one was in being at the end of that time, and not a soul alive but those left of our crew. Many of the houses where we had been so merry were so completely destroyed that scarcely a vestige remained to mark where they stood. Thy works are wonderful, O God! praised be thy holy name!

September the 30th, weighed; bound for Port Royal, round the eastward of the island. The *Barbadoes* and *Victor* had

sailed the day before, and the *Scarborough* was to sail the next. Moderate weather until October the 2d. Spoke to the *Barbadoes* off Port Antonio in the evening.

At eleven at night it began to snuffle, with a monstrous heavy appearance from the eastward. Close-reefed the topsails. Sir Hyde sent for me: "What sort of weather have we, Archer?"

"It blows a little, and has a very ugly look; if in any other quarter than this, I should say we were going to have a gale of wind."

"Ay, it looks so very often here, when there is no wind at all; however, don't hoist the topsails till it clears a little; there is no trusting any country."

At twelve I was relieved. The weather had the same rough look. However, they made sail upon her, but had a very dirty night. At eight in the morning I came up again; found it blowing hard from the east-northeast, with close-reefed topsails upon the

ship, and heavy squalls at times. Sir Hyde came upon deck.

"Well, Archer, what do you think of it?"

"Oh, sir, 'tis only a touch of the times; we shall have an observation at twelve o'clock: the clouds are beginning to break. It will clear up at noon, or else—blow very hard afterwards."

"I wish it would clear up, but I doubt it much. I was once in a hurricane in the East Indies, and the beginning of it had much the same appearance as this. So take in the topsails; we have plenty of sea-room."

At twelve, the gale still increasing, wore ship, to keep as near mid-channel between Jamaica and Cuba as possible. At one, the gale increasing still; at two, harder yet; it still blows harder! Reefed the courses and furled them; brought to under a foul mizzen-staysail, head to the northward. In the evening, no sign of the weather taking off, but every appearance of the storm increasing, prepared for a proper gale of wind: se-

cured all the sails with spare gaskets; good rolling tackles upon the yards; squared the booms; saw the boats all made fast; new-lashed the guns; double-breeched the lower-deckers; saw that the carpenters had the tarpaulins and battens all ready for hatchways; got the topgallant-mast down upon the deck; jib-boom and spritsail-yard fore and aft—in fact everything we could think of to make a snug ship.

The poor devils of birds now began to find the uproar in the elements, for numbers, both of sea and land kinds, came on board of us. I took notice of some which, happening to be to leeward, turned to windward like a ship, tack and tack, for they could not fly against it. When they came over the ship they dashed themselves down upon the deck without attempting to stir till picked up, and when let go again they would not leave the ship, but endeavored to hide themselves from the wind.

At eight o'clock, a hurricane, the sea roar-

ing, but the wind still steady to a point. Did not ship a spoonful of water. However, got the hatchways all secured, expecting what would be the consequence should the wind shift. Placed the carpenters by the main-mast with broad-axes, knowing from experience that at the moment you may want to cut it away to save the ship an axe may not be found. Went to supper: bread, cheese, and porter. The purser frightened out of his wits about his bread-bags; the two marine officers as white as sheets, not understanding the ship's working so much, and the noise of the lower-deck guns, which by this time made a pretty screeching to people not used to it. It seemed as if the whole ship's side was going at each roll. Wooden, our carpenter, was all this time smoking his pipe and laughing at the doctor; the second lieutenant upon deck, and the third in his hammock.

At ten o'clock I thought to get a little sleep. Came to look into my cot, it was full

of water; for every seam, by the straining of the ship, had begun to leak. Stretched myself, therefore, upon deck between two chests, and left orders to be called, should the least thing happen. At twelve a midshipman came to me: "Mr. Archer, we are just going to wear ship, sir!"

"Oh, very well, I'll be up directly. What sort of weather have we got?"

"It blows a hurricane."

Went upon deck; found Sir Hyde there. "It blows damned hard, Archer."

"It does indeed, sir."

"I don't know that I ever remember its blowing so hard before; but the ship makes a very good weather of it upon this tack as she bows the sea; but we must wear her, as the wind has shifted to the southeast, and we are drawing right upon Cuba. So do you go forward, and have some hands stand by; loose the lee yard-arm of the foresail, and, when she is right before the wind, whip the clew-garnet close up and roll up the sail."

"Sir! there is no canvas can stand against this a moment. If we attempt to loose him he will fly into ribbons in an instant, and we may lose three or four of our people. She'll wear by manning the fore-shrouds."

"No: I don't think she will."

"I'll answer for it, sir: I've seen it tried several times on the coast of America with success."

"Well, try it: if she does not wear we can only loose the foresail afterwards."

This was a great condescension from such a man as Sir Hyde. However, by sending about two hundred people into the forerigging, after a hard struggle, she wore. Found she did not make so good weather on this tack as on the other; for as the sea began to run across she had not time to rise from one sea before another lashed against her. Began to think we should lose our masts, as the ship lay very much along, by the pressure of the wind constantly upon the yards and masts alone. For the poor mizzen-staysail

had gone in shreds long before, and the sails began to fly from the yards through the gaskets into coach whips. My God! to think that the wind could have such force!

Sir Hyde now sent me to see what was the matter between decks, as there was a great deal of noise. As soon as I was below, one of the marine officers calls out: "Good God! Mr. Archer, we are sinking; the water is up to the bottom of my cot!"

"Pooh, pooh! as long as it is not over your mouth you are well off. What the devil do you make this noise for?"

I found there was some water between decks, but nothing to be alarmed at. Scuttled the deck, and let the water run into the well. Found she made a good deal of water through the sides and decks. Turned the watch below to the pumps, though only two feet of water in the well; but expected to be kept constantly at work now, as the ship labored much, with scarcely a part of her

above water but the quarter-deck, and that but seldom.

"Come, pump away, my boys. Carpenters, get the weather chain-pump rigged."

"All ready, sir."

"Then man it, and keep both pumps going."

At two o'clock the chain-pump was choked. Set the carpenters at work to clear it. The two head pumps at work upon deck. The ship gained upon us while our chain-pumps were idle. In a quarter of an hour they were at work again, and we began to gain upon her. While I was standing at the pumps, cheering the people, the carpenter's mate came running to me with a face as long as my arm: "Oh, sir! the ship has sprung a leak in the gunner's room."

"Go, then, and tell the carpenter to come to me, but don't speak a word to anyone else.

"Mr. Goodinoh, I am told there is a leak in the gunner's room. Go and see what is

the matter, but don't alarm anybody, and come and make your report privately to me."

In a short time he returned: "Sir, there's nothing there; 'tis only the water washing up between the timbers that this booby has taken for a leak."

"Oh, very well; go upon deck and see if you can keep any of the water from washing down below."

"Sir, I have had four people constantly keeping the hatchways secure, but there is such a weight of water upon deck that nobody can stand it when the ship rolls."

The gunner soon afterwards came to me: "Mr. Archer, I should be glad if you would step this way into the magazine for a moment."

I thought some damned thing was the matter, and ran directly: "Well, what is the matter here?"

"The ground-tier of powder is spoiled, and I want to show you that it is not out of

carelessness in me in stowing it, for no powder in the world could be better stowed. Now, sir, what am I to do? If you don't speak to Sir Hyde he will be angry with me."

I could not forbear smiling to see how easy he took the danger of the ship, and said to him: "Let us shake off this gale of wind first, and talk of the damaged powder afterwards."

At four we had gained upon the ship a little, and I went upon deck, it being my watch. The second lieutenant relieved me at the pumps. Who can attempt to describe the appearance of things upon deck? If I was to write forever I could not give you an idea of it—a total darkness all above; the sea on fire, running as it were in Alps, or peaks of Tenerife (mountains are too common an idea); the wind roaring louder than thunder (absolutely no flight of the imagination): the whole made more terrible, if possible, by a very uncommon kind of blue

lightning; the poor ship very much pressed, yet doing what she could, shaking her sides, and groaning at every stroke.

Sir Hyde upon deck lashed to windward! I soon lashed myself alongside of him, and told him the situation of things below, saying the ship did not make more water than might be expected in such weather, and that I was only afraid of a gun breaking loose.

"I am not in the least afraid of that: I have commanded her six years, and have had many a gale of wind in her; so that her iron work, which always gives way first, is pretty well tried. Hold fast! that was an ugly sea. We must lower the yards, I believe, Archer; the ship is much pressed."

"If we attempt it, sir, we shall lose them, for a man aloft can do nothing. Besides, their being down would ease the ship very little; the mainmast is a sprung mast; I wish it was overboard without carrying anything else along with it; but that can soon be done:

the gale cannot last forever; 'twill soon be daylight now."

Found by the master's watch that it was five o'clock, though but a little after four by ours. Glad it was so near daylight, and looked for it with much anxiety. Cuba, thou art much in our way!

Another ugly sea. Sent a midshipman to bring news from the pumps. The ship was gaining on them very much, for they had broken one of their chains, but it was almost mended again. News from the pump again: "She still gains! a heavy lee!"

Backwater from leeward, half-way up the quarter-deck; filled one of the cutters upon the booms, and tore her all to pieces; the ship lying almost on her beam-ends, and not attempting to right again. Word from below that the ship still gained on them, as they could not stand to the pumps, she lay so much along.

I said to Sir Hyde: "This is no time, sir,

to think of saving the masts; shall we cut the mainmast away?"

"Ay! as fast as you can."

I accordingly went into the weather-chains with a pole-axe, to cut away the lanyards; the boatswain went to leeward, and the carpenters stood by the mast. We were all ready, when a very violent sea broke right on board of us, carried everything upon deck away, filled the ship with water; the main and mizzen masts went, the ship righted, but was in the last struggle of sinking under us.

As soon as we could shake our heads above water, Sir Hyde exclaimed: "We are gone, at last, Archer! foundered at sea!"

"Yes, sir, farewell, and the Lord have mercy upon us!"

I then turned about to look forward at the ship, and thought she was struggling to get rid of some of the water; but all in vain, she was almost full below.

"Almighty God! I thank thee that now I

am leaving this world, which I have always considered as only a passage to a better. I die with a full hope of thy mercies, through the merits of Jesus Christ, thy son, our Saviour!"

I then felt sorry that I could swim, as by that means I might be a quarter of an hour longer dying than a man who could not, and it is impossible to divest ourselves of a wish to preserve life. At the end of these reflections I thought I heard the ship thump and grind under our feet. It was so.

"Sir, the ship is ashore!"

"What do you say?"

"The ship is ashore, and we may save ourselves yet."

By this time the quarter-deck was full of men who had come up from below; and "The Lord have mercy upon us!" flying about from all quarters. The ship now made everybody sensible that she was ashore, for every stroke threatened a total dissolution of her whole frame. Found she was stern

ashore, and the bow broke the sea a good deal, though it was washing clean over at every stroke.

Sir Hyde cried out: "Keep to the quarter-deck, my lads; when she goes to pieces 'tis your best chance!"

Providentially got the foremast cut away, that she might not pay round broadside. Lost five men cutting away the foremast, by the breaking of a sea on board just as the mast went. That was nothing; everyone expected it would be his own fate next. Looked for daybreak with the greatest impatience.

At last it came; but what a scene did it show us! The ship upon a bed of rocks, mountains of them on one side and Cordilleras of water on the other; our poor ship grinding and crying out at every stroke between them, going away by piecemeal. However, to show the unaccountable workings of Providence, that which often appears to be the greatest evil proves to be the great-

est good! That unmerciful sea lifted and beat us so high among the rocks that at last the ship scarcely moved. She was very strong, and did not go to pieces at the first thumping, though her decks tumbled in. We found afterwards that she had beat over a ledge of rocks almost a quarter of a mile in extent beyond us, where, if she had struck, every soul of us must have perished.

I now began to think of getting on shore, so stripped off my coat and shoes for a swim, and looked for a line to carry the end with me. Luckily could not find one, which gave me time for recollection: "This won't do for me, to be the first man out of the ship, and first lieutenant. We may get to England again, and people may think I paid a great deal of attention to myself, and did not care for anybody else. No, that won't do; instead of being the first I'll see every man, sick and well, out of her before me."

I now thought there was no probability of the ship's soon going to pieces, therefore had

not a thought of instant death. Took a look round with a kind of philosophic eye to see how the same situation affected my companions, and was surprised to find the most swaggering, swearing bullies in fine weather now the most pitiful wretches on earth, when death appeared before them. However, two got safe, by which means, with a line, we got a hawser on shore and made fast to the rocks, upon which many ventured and arrived safe. There were some sick and wounded on board who could not avail themselves of this method. We therefore got a spare topsail-yard from the chains and placed one end ashore and the other on the cabin window, so that most of the sick got ashore this way.

As I had determined, so I was the last man out of the ship. This was about ten o'clock. The gale now began to break. Sir Hyde came to me, and, taking me by the hand, was so affected that he was scarcely able to speak. "Archer, I am happy be-

yond expression to see you on shore; but look at our poor *Phœnix!*"

I turned about, but could not say a single word, being too full. My mind had been too intensely occupied before; but everything now rushed upon me at once, so that I could not contain myself, and I indulged for a full quarter of an hour.

By twelve it was pretty moderate. Got some nails on shore and made tents. Found great quantities of fish driven up by the sea into holes of the rocks. Knocked up a fire and had a most comfortable dinner. In the afternoon made a stage from the cabin windows to the rocks, and got out some provisions and water, lest the ship should go to pieces, in which case we must all have perished of hunger and thirst; for we were upon a desolate part of the coast [of Cuba], and under a rocky mountain that could not supply us with a single drop of water.

Slept comfortably this night and the next day, the idea of death vanishing by degrees.

The prospect of being prisoners during the war at the Havana, and walking three hundred miles to it through the woods, was rather unpleasant. However, to save life for the present, we employed this day in getting more provisions and water on shore, which was not an easy matter, on account of decks, guns, and rubbish, and ten feet of water that lay over them.

In the evening I proposed to Sir Hyde to repair the remains of the only boat left, and to venture in her to Jamaica myself; and in case I arrived safe, to bring vessels to take them off—a proposal worthy of consideration. It was, next day, agreed to: therefore got the cutter on shore, and set the carpenters to work on her. In two days she was ready, and at four o'clock in the afternoon I embarked with four volunteers and a fortnight's provisions, hoisted English colors as we put off from shore, and received three cheers from the lads left behind, which we returned, and set sail with a light heart,

having not the least doubt that, with God's assistance, we should come and bring them all off.

Had a very squally night and a very leaky boat, so as to keep two buckets constantly baling. Steered her myself the whole night by the stars, and in the morning saw the coast of Jamaica distant twelve leagues. At eight in the evening arrived at Montego Bay.

I must now begin to leave off, particularly as I have but half an hour to conclude, else my pretty little short letter will lose its passage, which I should not like, after being ten days at different times writing it, beating up with the convoy to the northward, which is a reason that this epistle will never read well; for I never sat down with a proper disposition to go on with it; but as I knew something of the kind would please you I was resolved to finish it; yet it will not bear an overhaul; so don't expose your son's nonsense.

But to proceed. I instantly set off an

express to the admiral, another to the *Porcupine* man-of-war, and went myself to Martha Bray to get vessels; for all their vessels here, as well as many of their houses, were gone to Moco.* Got three small vessels, and set out back again to Cuba, where I arrived the fourth day after leaving my companions. I thought the ship's crew would have devoured me on my landing. They presently whisked me up on their shoulders and carried me to the tent where Sir Hyde was.

I must omit many little occurrences that happened on shore, for want of time, but I shall have a number of stories to tell when I get alongside of you, and the next time I visit you I shall not be in such a hurry to quit you as I was the last; for then I hoped my nest would have been pretty well feathered. But my tale is forgotten.

I found the *Porcupine* had arrived that day, and the lads had built a boat almost ready for launching that would hold fifty

* Equivalent to our "gone to Halifax." (*Ed.*)

of them, which was intended for another trial, in case I had foundered. Next day embarked all our people who were left, amounting to two hundred and fifty. Some had died of the wounds they had received in getting on shore; others of drinking rum; and others had straggled into the country.

All our vessels were so full of people that we could not take away the few clothes that were saved from the wreck; but that was a trifle, since we had preserved our lives and liberty.

To make short of my story, we all arrived safe at Montego Bay, and shortly after at Port Royal, in the *Janus,* which was sent on purpose for us, and were all honorably acquitted for the loss of the ship. I was made admiral's aide-de-camp, and a little time afterwards sent down to St. Juan's as captain of the *Resource,* to bring what were left of the poor devils to Blue Fields, on the Mosquito shore, and then to Jamaica, where they arrived after three months' absence, and

without a prize, though I looked out hard off Porto Bello and Carthagena. Found in my absence that I had been appointed captain of the *Tobago,* where I remain his majesty's most true and faithful servant, and my dear mother's most dutiful son,

—— ARCHER.

V

A WINTER UPON THE MAGDALEN ISLANDS

JOURNAL OF THE SUFFERINGS OF A SHIPWRECKED CREW THROUGH A SUB-ARCTIC WINTER

BY CAPTAIN PRENTIES,
OF THE 84TH REGIMENT OF FOOT

BEING charged with the despatches delivered to me by General Haldiman, commander-in-chief in Canada, for General Clinton, I embarked on the 17th of November, 1780, in a small sloop bound from Quebec to New York. We set sail in company with a brig destined for the same place, and carrying a duplicate of the despatches. Having descended the St. Lawrence to the harbor called St. Patrick's Hole, we were detained in that port by a contrary wind, which continued six days. The winter began to set in, and ice, of considerable thickness, was soon formed on the

banks of the rivers by the intenseness of the frost. Would to Heaven it had continued a few days longer! By absolutely preventing us from proceeding it would have saved us those misfortunes the narrative of which begins with that of our navigation.

Before we reached the mouth of the river it was discovered that the sloop had sprung a small leak. We had scarcely entered the gulf when the ship began to make considerably more water, and though two pumps were kept constantly going we still had two feet water in the hold. On the other hand, the severity of the frost had increased, and the ice collected about the ship so as to render us apprehensive of being entirely surrounded. We had on board only nineteen persons, six of whom were passengers, and the others bad seamen. As for the captain, whom it was natural to look up to for assistance in this predicament, instead of attending to the preservation of the ship, he passed the time in getting drunk in his cabin,

without bestowing a thought upon our safety.

The wind continuing to blow with the same violence, and the water having risen in the hold to a height of four feet, cold and fatigue produced a general despondency among the crew. The seamen unanimously resolved to desist from their work. They abandoned the pumps, and showed the utmost indifference to their fate, declaring they would rather go to the bottom with the ship than exhaust themselves by useless labor in such a desperate situation. It must be acknowledged that, for several days, they had undergone excessive fatigue, without any interval of relaxation. The inactivity of the captain had the effect of disheartening them still more. However, by encouragement and promises, and by the distribution of wine, which I ordered very seasonably to refresh them, I at length overcame their reluctance. During the interruption of their labor the water had risen another foot in the

hold; but their activity was so increased by the warmth of the liquor which I gave them every half hour, and they stuck so closely to their work, that the water was soon reduced to less than three feet.

It was now the 3d of December. The wind appeared every day to become more violent instead of abating. The cracks in the vessel continued to increase, while the ice attached to her sides augmented her weight and checked her progress. It was necessary to keep constantly breaking this crust of ice, which threatened to envelop the ship. The brig by which we were accompanied, so far from being able to lend us any assistance, was in a situation still more deplorable, having struck upon the rocks near the island of Coudres, through the ignorance of the pilot. A thick snow, which then began to fall, concealed her from us. The guns which we fired alternately every half hour formed the whole of our correspondence. We soon had the mortification to find that

our signal was not answered. She perished, together with her crew of sixteen persons, while it was impossible for us even to perceive their disaster, or to endeavor to pick them up.

The pity with which their melancholy fate inspired us was soon diverted to ourselves, by the apprehension of new danger. The sea ran very high, the snow fell exceedingly thick, the cold was insupportable, and the whole crew a prey to dejection. Thus situated, the mate exclaimed that we could not be far from the Magdalen Islands, a confused heap of rocks, some of which raise their heads above the sea, while others are concealed beneath the surface of the water, and have proved fatal to great numbers of vessels. In less than two hours we heard the waves breaking with a great noise upon those rocks, and soon afterwards discovered the principal island, called the Dead Man, which we with difficulty avoided.

The sea became more turbulent during the

night, and at five o'clock the next morning a prodigious wave broke over the ship, staved in her ports and filled the cabin; the impetuosity of the waves having driven in the stern-post, we endeavored to stop the apertures with beef cut in slices, but this feeble expedient proved ineffectual, and the water continued to gain upon us more rapidly than ever. The affrighted crew had suspended, for a moment, the working of the pumps; when they were about to resume their labor they found them frozen so hard that it was impossible to work them afterwards.

From that moment we lost all hope of saving the ship; and all our wishes were confined to her keeping above water, at least till we reached St. John's, or some other island in the gulf, where we might be able to land with the aid of our boat.

Being left at the mercy of the wind, we durst not perform any manœuvre for fear of giving some dangerous shock to the vessel. The weight of water, which was increasing

every minute, retarded her progress, and the more rapid waves, whose course she checked, returned with fury and broke over the deck. The cabin, in which we had taken refuge, afforded a feeble protection against the howling tempest, and scarcely sheltered us from the violence of the icy waves. We were every moment apprehensive of seeing our rudder carried away, and our mast go by the board. The gulls and wild ducks which hovered around us testified, it is true, that the land could not be far distant; but the very approach to it became a new subject of terror. How were we to escape the breakers with which it might be surrounded, unable as it were to avoid, or even to perceive them through the cloud of snow in which we were enveloped? Such, for a few hours was our deplorable situation, when the weather, having suddenly cleared, we at length perceived the land at the distance of three leagues.

The sentiment of joy with which the first

sight of it inspired us was much abated upon a more distinct view of the enormous rocks which appeared to rise perpendicularly along the coast in order to repel us. The vessel, besides, shipped such heavy seas as would have sunk her, had she been deeply laden. At each successive shock we were afraid of seeing the ship go to pieces. Our boat was too small to contain the whole of the crew, and the sea too rough to trust to such a frail support. It appeared as if we had made this fatal land only to render it a witness of our loss.

Meanwhile we continued to approach it. We were not above a mile distant when we discovered, with transport, around the menacing rocks, a sandy beach, towards which our course was directed, while the water decreased so fast in depth as to prevent our approaching within fifty or sixty yards, when the ship struck. The fate of our lives was now about to be decided in a few minutes.

At length the vessel struck upon the sand with great violence. At the first shock the mainmast went by the board, and the tiller was unshipped with such force that the bar almost killed one of the seamen. The furious seas which dashed against the ship on every side staved in the stern, so that, having no longer any shelter in the cabin, we were obliged to go upon deck, and to hold fast by the rigging, for fear of being washed overboard. In a few moments the vessel righted a little, but the keel was broken, and the body of the ship seemed ready to go to pieces. Thus all our hopes were reduced to the boat, which I had infinite trouble to get overboard, being so covered within and without with lumps of ice, of which it was necessary to clear her. Most of the crew having taken wine to endeavor to overcome the fright with which they were seized, I gave a glass of brandy to those who were sober, and asked if they were willing to embark with me in the boat for the purpose

of getting on shore. The sea was so rough that it appeared impossible for our crazy bark to keep it a moment without being overwhelmed. Only the mate, two seamen, and a young passenger resolved to risk themselves in the boat.

In the first moment of danger I put my despatches in a handkerchief, which I tied round my waist. Regardless of the rest of my property, I seized a hatchet and a saw, and threw myself into the boat, followed by the mate and my servant, who, more thoughtful than myself, had saved out of my box a purse of one hundred and eighty guineas. The passenger not springing far enough, fell into the sea, and our hands were so benumbed with cold as to be almost incapable of affording him the smallest assistance. When the two seamen had got into the boat, those who had most obstinately refused to try the same fortune implored us to receive them; but, being apprehensive that we should founder with

the weight of such a number, I ordered the boat to put off from the vessel. I soon had occasion to congratulate myself for having stifled a sentiment of commiseration which might have proved fatal to them. Though the shore was not above fifty yards distant, we were met half-way by a prodigious wave, which half filled the boat, and would infallibly have upset her had she been more heavily laden. Our boat thrown upon the sand by the angry waves, plainly testified the impossibility of her breaking their force and returning to the vessel.

Night was fast approaching, and we had not been long upon this icy shore when we found ourselves benumbed with cold. We were obliged to walk over the snow, which sunk under our feet, to the entrance of a little wood about two hundred yards from the shore, which sheltered us a little from the piercing northwest wind. We yet wanted a fire to warm our chilled limbs, and had no means of kindling one. The tinder-box,

which we had taken the precaution to put into the boat, had got wet by the last wave that drove us on shore. Exercise alone could prevent our being frozen, by keeping our blood in circulation.

Being better acquainted than my companions with the nature of these severe climates, I recommended to them to keep themselves in motion, in order to prevent being overpowered by sleep. But the young passenger, whose clothes were soaked in the sea water and were frozen stiff upon his body, was unable to resist the drowsy sensation always produced by the excessive cold which he experienced. In vain I employed, by turns, persuasion and force to make him keep upon his legs. I was obliged to leave him to his supineness. After walking about half an hour I was myself seized with such a powerful inclination to sleep that I felt myself ready every moment to sink to the ground in order to gratify it, till I returned to the place where

the young man was laid. I put my hand to his face and found it quite cold, when I desired the mate to feel it. We both conceived him to be dead. He replied, with a feeble voice, that he was not, but that he felt his end approaching, and entreated me, if I survived, to write his father at New York, and inform him of his fate. In ten minutes we saw him expire, without any pain, or at least without strong convulsions. I relate this incident to show the effect of violent cold on the human body during sleep, and to show that this kind of death is not always accompanied with a sensation of such excessive pain as is generally supposed.

This dreadful lesson was incapable of inducing the others to resist the inclination to sleep by which they were attacked. Three of them lay down in spite of my exhortations. Seeing that it was impossible to keep them on their legs, I went and cut two branches of trees, one of which I gave

to the mate, and my whole employment, during the remainder of the night, was to prevent my companions from sleeping by striking them as soon as they closed their eyes. This exercise was of benefit to ourselves, at the same time that it preserved the others from the danger of almost certain death.

Daylight, which we awaited with such impatience, at length appeared. I ran to the shore with the mate to endeavor to discover some vestige of the ship, though we had very little hope of finding any. What was our surprise and our satisfaction to see that she had held together, notwithstanding the violence of the wind, which seemed strong enough to dash her into a thousand pieces during the night! The first thing I did was to contrive how to get the remainder of the crew on shore. The vessel, since we quitted her, had been driven by the waves much nearer the shore, and the distance by which she was separated from it I knew must be

much less at low water. When it was come I called out to the people in the ship to tie a rope to her side and let themselves down one after the other. They adopted this expedient. Watching attentively the motion of the sea, and seizing the opportunity of dropping at the moment when the waves retired, they all got on shore without danger, excepting the carpenter. He did not think proper to trust himself in that manner, or probably was unable to stir, having used his bottle rather too freely during the night.

The captain, before he left the ship, fortunately provided himself with all the materials necessary for lighting a fire. The company then proceeded towards the forest; some fell to work to cut wood, others to collect the dry branches scattered on the ground, and soon a bright flame, rising from a large pile, produced a thousand acclamations of joy. Considering the extreme cold which we had so long endured, no enjoyment could equal that of a good fire. We

crowded round it as closely as possible to revive our benumbed limbs. But this enjoyment was succeeded, in general, by excruciating pain, as soon as the heat of the fire penetrated into those parts of the body which had been bitten by the frost. The mate and myself were the only exceptions, on account of the exercise we had taken during the night. All the others had been more or less attacked, both in the ship and on shore. The convulsive movements produced in our unfortunate companions, by the violence of the torments they endured, would be too horrible for description.

Our anxiety was renewed on account of the carpenter who was left behind. The sea continuing to roll with unabated fury, so that it was impossible to send the boat to his relief, we were obliged to wait the return of low water; when we at length persuaded him to come on shore in the same manner as the others; which he did with extreme difficulty, being reduced to a state of the ut-

most weakness, and frozen in almost every part of his body.

Night arrived, and we spent it rather more comfortably than the preceding. Yet, notwithstanding we were careful to keep up a large fire, we suffered considerably from the sharpness of the wind, against which we had no shelter. The trees were scarcely sufficient to protect us from the snow, which fell in immense flakes, as if to extinguish our fire. While it soaked through our clothes on the side exposed to the fire, on our backs it formed a heap which we were obliged to shake off before it froze into ice. The craving sensation of hunger, a new hardship, that we had hitherto been unacquainted with, was now added to that of cold, which we had so much difficulty to endure.

Two days elapsed, every moment of which added to the painful recollection of our past misfortunes the terror of a still more distressing futurity. At length the

wind and the sea, which had combined to prevent us from approaching the vessel, redoubled their united efforts to destroy her. We were apprised of her fate by the noise of her breaking up. We ran towards the shore, and saw part of the cargo already floating, which the impetuosity of the waves washed through the openings of her sides. Fortunately the tide carried part of the wreck upon the beach. Providing ourselves with long poles, and the oars of our boat, we proceeded along the sand, drawing on shore whatever was most useful within our reach. It was thus we saved a few casks of salt beef, and a considerable quantity of onions, which the captain had taken on board to sell. Our attention was likewise directed to the planks that were detached from the vessel, and which might prove serviceable to us in constructing a hut. We collected a great number, which we dragged into the wood to be immediately employed for the above-mentioned purpose.

The light of our fire enabled us to continue it after dark, and by ten o'clock at night we had a hut twenty feet long, ten broad, and sufficiently solid, thanks to the trees which supported it at certain distances, to withstand the force of the wind, but not close enough to shelter us entirely from the cold.

The two succeeding days were employed either in completing our edifice, collecting during high water what the tide brought from the ship, or in taking an account of our provisions, in order to establish the proportion in which they ought to be distributed. We had not been able to save any biscuit, which was thoroughly soaked with sea-water. It was agreed that each person, well or ill, should be confined to a quarter of a pound of beef and four onions a day, as long as they lasted. This scanty pittance, scarcely sufficient to keep us alive, was all that we could allow ourselves, uncertain what time we might be obliged to spend on this desert coast.

The 11th of December, the sixth day after our shipwreck, the wind abated, so as to allow us to get the boat afloat to go and seek what was left in the wreck. Great part of the day was lost in cutting away, with the hatchet, the thick ice which covered the deck and stopped up the hatchways. The next day we succeeded in getting out a small barrel containing one hundred and twenty pounds of salt beef, two chests of onions, one of potatoes, three bottles of balsam of Canada, one of oil (which became exceedingly serviceable for the wounds of the seamen), another hatchet, a large iron pot, two stew-pans, and about a dozen pounds of candles. This precious cargo enabled us the following day to add four onions to our daily allowance.

We returned again on board on the 14th, to look for the sails, part of which served to cover our hut, and to keep out the snow. The same day the wounds of those who had suffered most from the frost, and had neg-

lected to rub them with snow, began to mortify. The skin came off their legs, their hands, and the parts of their limbs affected by the frost, with excessive pain. The carpenter, who was the last that came on shore, lost the greater part of his feet, and in the night of the 14th became delirious, in which state he continued till the next day, when death relieved him from his miserable existence. Three days afterwards our second mate died in the same manner, having been delirious several hours before he expired; and a seaman experienced the same fate the following day. We covered their bodies with snow and the branches of trees, having neither pickaxe nor spade to dig them a grave; and if we had even been provided with them, the earth was frozen too hard, and too deep, to yield to those instruments.

The mate and I often went abroad to see if we could discover any vestiges of habitations in the country. Our excursions were

not long, nor attended with any success. We resolved, one day, to penetrate farther into the country, keeping along the banks of a frozen river. We observed, from time to time, traces of elks and other animals, which caused us sincerely to regret being unprovided with arms and powder to shoot them. A ray of hope, for a moment, illumined our minds. Following the direction of some trees, cut on the side with a hatchet, we arrived at a place where some Indians must shortly before have resided, since their wigwam was still standing, and the bark employed for that purpose appeared quite fresh; an elk's skin, which we found very near, suspended from a pole, confirmed our conjectures. We anxiously traversed all the adjacent country, but, alas! without success. We, however, derived some satisfaction from reflecting that this place had had inhabitants or visitors, and that they might soon return. Struck with this idea, I cut a long pole, which I stuck upright on the

bank of the river, fastening to it a piece of birch bark, after cutting it into the figure of a hand, with the forefinger extending and turned towards our hut. I likewise took away the elk's skin, in order that the savages, at their return, might perceive that somebody had passed by the place since they left it, and might, by the aid of the sign, discover the route they had taken. The approach of the night obliged us to return to our habitation, and we doubled our pace to communicate that agreeable news to our companions.

Several days elapsed in the hope of seeing the Indians appear every moment before our hut. These sweet ideas gradually lost ground, and soon vanished. Some of our sick, and among the rest the captain, had, in this interval, begun to recover their strength, and our provisions were fast decreasing. I mentioned the design I had formed of quitting the habitation, with all those who were capable of working the boat,

to reconnoitre the coast. This plan received universal approbation; but when we came to think of the means of executing it a new difficulty presented itself. This was, how to repair the boat, which had been dashed by the sea upon the sand with such fury that all her joints had opened. We had plenty of tow for stopping the apertures, but unfortunately were in want of pitch to cover it. And how could we supply this deficiency? We could not think of any method, when it struck me, all at once, that we might employ the balsam of Canada which we had saved. It was easy to try; I emptied a few bottles of it into our iron pot, and set it on a large fire; taking it off frequently to let it cool, I soon reduced the liquor to a proper consistence. During this time my companions had turned the boat and cleared her of sand and ice. I directed the crevices to be stopped with tow, calked her with the balsam, and I had the pleasure of seeing that it produced the effect to admiration.

This first success inspired us with a new ardor to continue our preparations. A piece of cloth, fastened to a pole in such a manner as to be raised or lowered at pleasure, promised us a sail strong enough to relieve, with a gentle and favorable wind, the labor of the rowers. Among the crew few had sufficiently recovered to support the fatigues which we foresaw would attend this expedition. I was chosen to conduct it, together with the captain, the mate, two seamen, and my servant. The remainder of the provisions was divided, according to the number of persons, into fourteen equal shares, without reserving, on account of the excessive labor we were about to undertake, a larger proportion for ourselves than was allotted to those who were to remain quietly in the hut.

With this wretched allowance of a quarter of a pound of beef a day for six weeks, with a crazy boat, covered with a matter on which we could not depend, which the least breath

of wind might upset and the smallest rock dash to pieces, it was that we had to attempt an enterprise the plan of which could have been inspired by blind despair alone. But we were at that point that there was less temerity in braving every possible danger with the feeblest ray of hope, than in exposing ourselves, by cowardly inactivity, to the almost inevitable danger of perishing, abandoned by all nature.

The year 1781 had just commenced. It was our intention to set off the 2d of January, but a furious northwest wind detained us till the afternoon of the 4th. Its violence having then abated, we carried on board our provisions, together with a few pounds of candles and all the little articles that might be of service to us, and took leave of our companions, in the cruel uncertainty whether this might not be our last farewell. We had not proceeded above eight miles when the wind, turning to the southeast, checked

our progress, and obliged us to make with our oars towards a large bay, which offered us a favorable asylum for the night.

Our first care was to land our provisions and to remove the boat far enough upon the beach to prevent her being damaged by the sea. We were then obliged to kindle a fire, and to cut wood to keep it up till the next morning. The smallest pine-branches were employed in forming our bed, and the largest in hastily erecting a kind of wigwam, to secure ourselves as well as possible from the severity of the weather.

In taking our scanty repast I observed on the shore several pieces of wood thrown upon it by the tide, and which appeared to have been cut with a hatchet. I likewise saw some poles formed long since by the hand of man, but we could not discover any marks of inhabitants. At the distance of two miles was a hill bare of trees, with some appearance of its having been cleared. I

prevailed on two of my companions to accompany me thither before dark, that, from its summit, we might embrace a more extensive horizon. As we proceeded along the bay we saw a Newfoundland fishing-boat, half burned, and the remaining part buried in the sand. This object afforded us fresh hopes, and we doubled our despatch to climb the hill. Having arrived at the summit, how great was our satisfaction to perceive some buildings on the other side of it, at the distance of a mile at farthest. Notwithstanding our fatigue, the interval which separated us from them was soon gone over. We arrived palpitating with hope and joy, but those pleasing emotions were instantly dissipated. In vain we traversed all the buildings; they were deserted. They had been erected for the preparation of cod, and, according to all appearance, had been abandoned several years before. The sad termination of this excursion tended, however, to confirm us in the idea that we should find

some habitations by continuing our course round the island.

The wind, which had again shifted to the northwest, detained us the next day, fearing to encounter the ice, which it drifted in great quantities. For three days it continued with the same fury. Having awakened in the night, I was astonished to hear its shrill whistling, not accompanied, as usual, by the hoarse noise of the waves. I called the mate, and informed him of this phenomenon. Being curious to ascertain the cause, we ran towards the shore, the moon's rays affording us light. As far as the eye could reach their fatal lustre enabled us to perceive the surface of the water motionless beneath the chains of ice, which was piled up in different places in heaps of prodigious height. It is impossible to describe the sensation of despondency which overwhelmed our minds at this sight. Unable to proceed farther on our expedition or to return to our former cabin, which would have defended us better

from the redoubled severity of the cold, how long were we to continue in this dreadful situation?

Two days elapsed amid these gloomy reflections. At length, on the 9th, the wind abated. It shifted the following day to the southeast, and blew with such violence that all the ice by which we were blocked up in the bay was broken to pieces with a great noise, and driven out into the open sea, so that by four o'clock in the afternoon there was none left excepting along the shore.

In breaking the chains which detained us, the tyrant of the air forged others for us by his violence. It was not till after two days that the wind abated. A light breeze blowing along the shore, our boat was launched and the sail hoisted. We were already proceeding with a favorable course when, several leagues off in the distance, we perceived an extremely elevated point of land. The coast to that place appeared to form such a continued chain of steep rocks that it was

impossible to attempt a landing before we had doubled the distant cape. It would, however, have been dangerous to risk so long a course. The boat had sprung aleak, and two men were constantly employed in baling out the water, so that we could use but two oars; and the enfeebled state to which we were reduced, by disappointment and the want of food, scarcely allowed us to support that slight exertion. What was to become of us if the wind should turn to the northwest? We must infallibly be dashed to pieces against the rocks.

Fortunately the danger was no longer an object worthy of our consideration, and the wind seconded our perseverance so well that we arrived at the cape about eleven o'clock at night. The place not being convenient for landing, we were obliged to coast along till two in the morning, when the wind, becoming more violent, deprived us of the liberty of choosing a favorable spot; we were obliged to descend upon, or, rather, to climb,

with the utmost difficulty, up a rocky shore, without its being possible for us to secure our boat from the waves, which threatened her with destruction.

The place where we had landed was a bay of no great depth, surrounded on the land side by inaccessible heights, but exposed towards the sea to the northwest wind, from which nothing could protect us. The wind which rose on the 13th threw our boat upon a ledge of the rocks, and damaged her in several places. This accident was but a trifling prelude to new sufferings. Surrounded by insurmountable rocks, which prevented us from seeking shelter in the woods; without any other covering than our sail, stiff with ice; buried for several days beneath a deluge of snow, which was heaped around us to the height of three feet—we had nothing to keep up our fire but the branches and the fragments of trunks of trees thrown by accident upon the shore. This deplorable situation lasted till the 21st,

when the weather grew milder, but we were not able to take advantage of it. How were we to repair our boat, which had opened in several places? After reflecting on the various methods that presented themselves to our minds, and rejecting them as impracticable, all our thoughts were directed to seek our preservation in another quarter.

Though it was impossible to scale the wall of rocks which surrounded us on every side, and we were under the necessity of renouncing the use of our boat, it came into our minds that we might at least proceed along the shore by walking upon the ice, which had acquired sufficient strength to bear our weight. The mate and I resolved to make the experiment. We set off immediately, and, proceeding a few miles, arrived at the mouth of a river, bordered by a sandy beach, where we might have preserved our boat and lived much less uncomfortably had our good-fortune at first conducted us thither.

This discovery, while it occasioned regret, did not tend to increase our hopes. It was, indeed, easy to penetrate into the woods, but could we wander at random in a savage country in quest of an inhabited district? How were we to direct our course through the black gloom of the forest? and, above all, how were we to get along through the snow, with which the earth was covered to the height of six feet, and which might be melted by the first thaw?

After consulting together on the subject of our return, it was agreed that we had no other resource than to carry on our backs the remainder of our provisions and useful effects, and to proceed along the coast, where it was most natural to expect to find any families of fishermen or savages. The weather still seemed inclined to frost, and the wind having swept into the sea the greater part of the snow which covered the ice upon the coast, we flattered ourselves that we should walk ten miles a day even in

the state of languor and debility into which we had fallen.

This resolution being unanimously adopted, we had soon completed the necessary preparations. We intended to set off on the morning of the 24th, but in the night which preceded it the wind suddenly shifted to the southeast, accompanied with heavy rain; so that in a few hours this crust of snow, which the day before appeared so solid, was entirely dissolved, and the ice detached from the shore. We had now no way of escaping from this disastrous shore on which we were confined. During these painful reflections our eyes were sometimes directed towards the boat, which we had frequently been tempted to break up in order to supply our fire, as we could not expect to render her serviceable again. We had still tow sufficient to stop the crevices, but the balsam of Canada had been totally exhausted by our daily repairs, and we were unable to contrive any substitute for it.

The frost, however, returned the next day. Its severity caused me, during the night, to conceive an idea which I hastened to put into execution as soon as daylight appeared. This was to pour water upon the tow with which the crevices were filled, and to let it freeze, like a coating, to a certain thickness. My companions laughed at my scheme, and could not without reluctance be prevailed upon to assist me. But this simple method succeeded beyond my hopes; all the apertures were so well closed that they were at length convinced that no water could penetrate through them as long as the frost continued to be equally severe.

We made a successful trial of it on the 27th. Though the boat had become heavy and difficult to be managed by the quantity of ice with which it was covered, yet in the course of the day she proceeded twelve miles from the place of our departure. The following day a deluge of rain, unfortunately, melted all the ice from our boat, and we had

the mortification to lose the advantage of a fine day, which might probably have forwarded us several miles on our way. We resolved to wait the return of the frost; and what augmented our impatience and regret was that our provisions were now reduced to two pounds and a half of beef for each man.

The thaw kept us on shore till the 1st of February, when an intense frost afforded us an opportunity of repairing our boat. But the pieces of floating ice were so large that they constantly employed one of us to break them with a pole; and it was not without the most fatiguing exertions that we proceeded five miles before the close of day.

Our navigation was more fortunate on the 3d. The wind blew in a direction as favorable as we could wish. Though the boat made some water, which employed part of our hands in baling out, we at first ran four miles an hour with the assistance of our oars, and soon afterwards five with only our sail. About two o'clock in the afternoon we were

full in view of an elevated cape, which we calculated to be only three leagues off. But its prodigious height deceived us with regard to its distance, for it was almost dark before we reached it. After doubling it our course took a different direction from what it had done in the day, so that we were obliged to lower our sail and take to our oars. The wind then began to blow from the shore. Our efforts to make head against it were very feeble, and had it not been for a current from the northeast, which assisted us to make some opposition, we should have run the risk of being carried irrecoverably into the open sea.

The coast, being lined with rocks, was here too dangerous to attempt to land; we were obliged to row along the rocks, amid a thousand dangers, in the dark, till five o'clock in the morning. Being then incapable, from our exhausted state, of any longer exertion, our eyes were shut to the dangers of landing, and Heaven crowned our at-

tempt with success, without any other accident than having our boat thrown, half full of water, upon the shore. The beginning of the wood was at no great distance, yet we had great difficulty to crawl to it and make a fire to thaw our limbs and dry our clothes.

Such was the drowsiness into which fatigue and watching had plunged us that it was impossible to refrain from sleep when our fire began to light. We were obliged to rouse each other alternately in order to keep it up, fearing lest it should go out while we were all together asleep, and we should be frozen to death in this lethargic state.

When I awoke I had occasion to convince myself, by the observation which I made on the shore, of the truth of what I had suspected by the way, namely, that the elevated point of land which we had just doubled was Cape North, in the Island of Cape Breton, which, with Cape Roi, on the Island of Newfoundland, marks the entrance of the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

The pleasing certainty that we were on an inhabited island would have flattered us with the hope of at last meeting with assistance, by continuing our voyage, if we had had anything to subsist upon during the time that it might last. Our provisions were nearly exhausted, and this prospect filled us with despair.

I should be afraid to excite too painful sensations in those minds which our situation, till the present moment, has inspired with tender compassion, if I were to paint, in all their horror, the miseries we had to suffer during the following days. Reduced for our only nourishment to the dry fruits of sweet-briar, dug up from beneath the snow, and a few tallow candles which we had reserved for a last resource; oppressed with fatigue at the least exertion; checked in our navigation by the ice, the rain, or the wind; sometimes animated with a faint hope, to be plunged soon afterwards in the abyss of despair; overwhelmed with the painful sensa-

tions of all these distresses combined to crush us with their insupportable weight every moment both of the day and of the night—such was our state till the 17th, when, completely exhausted, we landed for the last time, resolved to perish on the spot if Heaven should not send us some unexpected relief. To place our boat in safety on the beach would have been an undertaking too far beyond our power. She was abandoned to the fury of the waves after we had sorrowfully taken out our implements and the sail, which served to cover us. Our last efforts were employed in clearing the snow from the spot we had fixed upon, to raise it all round in a sloping direction, for the purpose of fixing it in branches of trees, intended to form a shelter; and, lastly, in cutting and piling as much wood as possible to keep up our fire, fearing lest we should soon be unable to use our instruments.

A few handfuls of hips boiled in snow-water were, during the first days, the sole

support of our miserable lives. These began to fail us, and we thought ourselves fortunate in being able to supply their place with the marine plants which grew along the shore. After boiling them several hours, during which they lost little of their hardness, I put into the liquor one of the only two candles we had left. This disgusting broth and the tough plants at first appeased our hunger, but in a few moments we were seized with a terrible retching, without having sufficient force to be able to clear our stomachs. This crisis lasted about four hours, after which we were somewhat relieved, but fell into a state of absolute debility.

We were, however, obliged the next day to have recourse to the same nourishment, which operated as before, only with rather less violence; for this purpose we had used our last candle. We were compelled for three days to be contented with the hard, tough plants, which made us retch every

mouthful we took. At the same time our legs began to swell, and our whole bodies became so bloated that, notwithstanding the little flesh we had left, our fingers, with the smallest pressure upon our skin, sunk to the depth of an inch, and the impression remained an hour afterwards. Our eyes appeared as if buried in deep cavities. Benumbed by the internal dissolution of our blood and by the intense cold we endured, we had scarcely strength to crawl, by turns, and revive our almost extinguished fire, or to collect a few branches scattered upon the snow.

Suddenly the accents of a human voice were heard in the forest. At the same instant we discovered two Indians, armed with muskets, who did not appear to have yet perceived us. This sudden appearance, reviving our courage, gave us strength to rise and advance towards them with all the despatch we were able.

As soon as they saw us they stopped, as if

their feet had been nailed to the ground. They looked steadfastly at us, motionless with surprise and horror. Besides the astonishment that must naturally have been excited in them at the unexpected meeting with six strangers in a desert corner of the island, our appearance alone was sufficient to shock the most intrepid. Our clothes hanging in rags, our eyes concealed by the bloated prominence of our livid cheeks, the monstrous bulk to which all our limbs were swelled, our long and shaggy beards, our hair flowing in disorder down our shoulders, must, altogether, have given us a frightful appearance. However, as we advanced, a thousand agreeable sensations were displayed in our countenances; some shed tears, and others laughed for joy. Though these peaceable signs were calculated, in some degree, to remove the fears of the Indians, they did not yet manifest the least inclination to approach us, and certainly the disgust which our whole figure must have

produced sufficiently justified their coldness. I therefore resolved to advance towards him who was nearest to me, holding out one hand to him in a supplicating attitude. He seized it and gave it a hearty shake, which is the mode of salutation usual among these savages.

They then began to manifest some marks of compassion. I made a sign to them to come towards our fire; they accompanied us in silence, and sat down near us. One of them, who spoke bad French, begged us, in that language, to inform them whence we came, and what accident had conducted us to that spot. I hastened to give him as brief an account as possible of the misfortunes and sufferings we had experienced. As he seemed to be deeply affected by my narrative, I asked him if he could furnish us with any provisions. He replied in the affirmative; but seeing that our fire was almost out, he rose abruptly and seized our hatchet, at which he looked for a moment smiling, as I

imagined, at the bad condition in which it was. He threw it down with a look of disdain, and took that which was by his side. In a moment he had cut a great quantity of branches, which he threw upon our fire; he then took up his musket, and, without saying a word, went away with his companion.

Such a sudden retreat might have given uneasiness to persons unacquainted with the humor of the Indians; but I knew that these people seldom speak but when they see an absolute necessity for it. I did not, therefore, doubt but that they were gone to fetch us provisions, and assured my alarmed comrades that we should not be long before we saw them again. Notwithstanding the distress in which we were for food, hunger was not, at least with me, the most pressing want. The good fire which the savages had made crowned at that moment all my desires, having passed so many days of suffering from intense cold near the feeble flame of our miserable fire.

Three hours had elapsed since the departure of the Indians, and my afflicted companions began to lose all hope of seeing them again, when we perceived them turning a projecting point of land, and rowing towards us in a canoe of bark. They soon came on shore, bringing a large piece of smoked venison, and a bladder filled with fish-oil. They boiled the meat in our iron pot with snow water, and when it was dressed they took care to distribute it among us in a very small quantity, with a little oil, to prevent the dangerous consequences which might have resulted from our voracity in the debilitated state to which our stomachs were reduced.

This light repast being over, they made me embark with two of my companions in their canoe, which was too small to take us all at once. We were received upon landing by three Indians and a dozen women or children, who were waiting for us on the shore. While those in the canoe returned

to fetch the rest of our company, the others led us towards their huts or wigwams, three in number, constructed for the same number of families, at the entrance of the forest. We were treated by these good people with the kindest hospitality; they made us swallow a kind of broth, but would not permit us, notwithstanding our entreaties, to eat meat, or to take any other too substantial nourishment.

I felt the sincerest joy when the canoe returned with our three companions. After having satisfied the most pressing wants, our thoughts were turned towards the unfortunate comrades whom we had left behind at the place of our shipwreck. The distress to which we had been so near falling victims made me fear that their fate had been still more wretched. However, if but one of them survived I was determined to omit no exertion to save him. I endeavored to describe to the savages as well as I was able the quarter of the island on which we had

been cast, and inquired whether it was not possible to send thither some relief. They replied that they were perfectly acquainted with the spot, that it was about one hundred miles to it by very difficult ways through the woods; that they must cross rivers and mountains to arrive at it, and if they undertook the journey they must expect some compensation for their fatigues. It would have been unreasonable to require them to suspend their hunting, their only means of supporting their wives and children, to undertake a toilsome excursion purely from a motive of benevolence towards strangers. As to their account of the distance of the place where we were wrecked, it did not appear exaggerated, since I computed, by my own calculations, that our course along the shore could not have been less than one hundred and fifty miles.

I then told them what it had not before come into my mind to mention, that I had money, and that if it was of any value in

their eyes, I would employ part to pay them for their trouble. They seemed perfectly satisfied with this proposal, and asked to see my purse; I took it from my servant and showed them the guineas which it contained. At the sight of the gold I observed in their countenances sensations which I should never have expected to meet with among a savage people; the women in particular eyed it with extreme avidity; and when I had presented each of them with a guinea, they set up a loud laugh, that being the way in which the Indians express extraordinary emotions of joy.

However exorbitant their pretensions might be, I determined to spare nothing to save my countrymen, if any of them were still alive. We, therefore, concluded an agreement, by which they engaged to depart the following day, and I was to give them twenty-five guineas before they set off, and the same sum upon their return. They immediately fell to work to make shoes fit for

walking upon the snow, both for themselves and our seamen whom they were to bring back. Early the next morning they departed, after receiving the stipulated sum.

From the moment the savages saw gold in my possession, my situation lost all the charms which it owed to their hospitality. They became as rapacious as they had before been generous, requiring ten times the value of the smallest articles with which they furnished my companions and me. I was fearful, too, lest this excessive passion for money, which they had contracted from their intercourse with the Europeans, should impel them to rob us, and leave us in the same deplorable situation from which we had been rescued by their assistance. The only motive on which I grounded the hope of more humane treatment was the religion they had embraced, having been converted to Christianity by the French Jesuits before this island was ceded to us together with Canada. They showed the strongest attach-

ment to their new faith, and frequently stunned us in the evening by their doleful psalmody. My servant was a particular favorite with them all, because, being an Irish Catholic, he joined their prayers though he did not understand a single word of them. I much doubt whether they themselves could understand them, for their singing, or rather shouting, was a confused jargon, composed of bad French and their savage idiom, with a few Latin phrases which they had learned from their missionaries.

After an absence of about a fortnight the Indians returned with three of our people, being all that death had spared out of the eight persons whom I had left behind at the hut. Our impaired strength kept us in the dismal place a fortnight longer, during which I was obliged, as before, to pay the most exorbitant price for our food and our smallest wants. At the end of that time, finding my health somewhat re-established,

and my purse almost empty, I conceived myself obliged to sacrifice my personal comfort to my duty to the service, and resolved to proceed with my despatches to General Clinton, with all possible expedition, though this, of all the seasons of the year, was the least proper for travelling. I therefore hired two Indians to take me to Halifax for forty guineas, which I engaged to pay them upon my arrival there. I further took upon myself to furnish them by the way with every kind of provisions, and suitable refreshments in the inhabited parts through which we might pass. Some of the other Indians were to conduct the rest of our company to a settlement on Spanish River, where they were to remain till the spring to wait for an opportunity of proceeding to Halifax by sea. I furnished the captain with all the money necessary for his subsistence, and that of his men, for which he gave me a bill on his owner at New York. The latter was not ashamed to refuse to pay

it, under the pretext that, as the ship was lost, neither the captain nor the crew could have any claim upon him.

I set off on the 2d of April, accompanied by two Indians, my servant, and Mr. Winslow, a young passenger in our ship, and one of the three survivors at the hut.

On the 20th we arrived at St. Peter's, a place where there is a settlement of a few English and French families. I am bound in gratitude to make mention here of Mr. Cavanagh, an English merchant, who received us with every kind of civility, and who, being informed of my misfortunes, had the confidence to advance me two hundred pounds sterling for a bill of exchange which I gave him on my father, though our name was utterly unknown to him.

At St. Peter's I should have hired a fishing-boat to repair to Halifax, but for the apprehension of falling into the hands of the American privateers, with which those seas were then infested. The lake being in

this place separated from the sea by a forest about a mile broad, we had only to drag our canoe that distance in order to reach the coast and embark. At length, after a navigation of ten days along the coast, our canoe brought us in safety into the harbor of Halifax.

The Indians having received the sum we had agreed upon, and the presents with which I endeavored to satisfy my gratitude towards those to whom I owed the preservation of my life, left us in a few days to return to their island. As I was obliged to wait a considerable time longer for a vessel, I had, during that interval, the satisfaction to be joined by my companions in misfortune, whom the other Indians had undertaken to conduct by Spanish River. At last, after waiting two months, I embarked in the ship called the *Royal Oak,* and arrived at New York, where I delivered my despatches to General Clinton in a very tattered condition.

VI

WRECK OF THE BARQUE "JULIA ANN"

On a Coral Reef of the South Pacific

The following letter from the Commander of the *Julia Ann*, Captain B. Franklin Pond, was published in the New York *Herald*, March 17, 1856. *(Editor.)*

LIMA, Peru, February 9, 1856.—Doubtless, ere this, you have experienced very great anxiety at the non-arrival of the *Julia Ann*, and I am happy to be enabled, by the mercy of God, to relieve your apprehension.

We sailed from Sydney on Friday, the 7th of September last, with fifty-six souls on board, men, women, and children. The day seemed very unpropitious and gloomy, and before our anchor was weighed it commenced blowing and raining, and in getting out of the harbor we met with very many annoying accidents.

The first two weeks at sea were altogether exceedingly unpleasant; head winds, accompanied with much rain. We however entered the southeast trades, and everything again brightened, promising a speedy and pleasant voyage.

Twenty-seven days out, October 3, I was on the lookout for low land all day, and carried a press of sail in order to pass certain dangerous islands before night. At sundown no land could be seen from the royal yard, and I judged myself at least thirty miles past them (and after my arrival at Bora Bora, I found that I was correct). However, in compliance with my usual custom of precaution, when in the vicinity of reefs or islands, at eight o'clock I charged Captain Coffin to have a good lookout kept, and went below to get some rest.

I had been in the cabin not over half an hour, when the alarming cry of "Hard down the helm!" was heard. I sprang to my feet, but my heart failed me, as I was nearly

thrown upon the floor of the cabin by the violent striking of the ship, and before I could reach the deck she was thumping hard.

On deck the scene was terrific. It was blowing a trade gale, a high sea was running, the vessel was in the breakers of a coral reef, and no land in sight. I instantly saw there was no hope for the ship, and very little for the lives of those on board. I, however, kept sail on the vessel, to force her as high as possible on the reef, and then cut away the masts to relieve her from the immense strain.

And now the lives of those on board were my first care, and the prospect was gloomy enough, I assure you. The sea was making a complete breach over the ship—she had fallen on her beam-ends, seaward, and threatened to break up instantly. There was no land in sight, and not a dry rock visible upon the reef. One of our quarter-boats was stove when we first struck. I en-

deavored to secure our only remaining boat, but it soon broke adrift from the davits and plunged headlong into the sea. The second mate and three or four of the sailors nobly plunged after it. The boat was stove and turned bottom up and they were all thrown upon the reef together, Mr. Owens, the second officer, very badly injured, and disabled from further exertions.

I now called for a volunteer to attempt to reach the reef by swimming with a small line. One of the sailors instantly stripped; the log line was attached to his body, and he succeeded in swimming to the reef, under the lee of the vessel. By this means a larger line was hauled to the reef, and made fast to the rocks. A small one for a hauling-line was also rove, and I commenced the perilous task of placing the women and children upon the reef. A sailor in a sling upon the rope took a woman or a child in his arms, and was hauled to the reef by those already there, and then hauled back

again by myself and others. The process was an exceedingly arduous one, and attended with much peril; but our boats, had they not been destroyed, would have been useless in such a surf among the rocks, and it was the only means left us.

In the meantime the vessel was laboring and thumping in a most fearful manner, and it was almost impossible to cling to the iron railing upon the quarter-deck. One or two persons had already been hurled far seaward by the awful throes of the ship. The passengers were collected in the after cabin, where they were compelled to remain though the sea breached in and half filled it, and presented themselves as their names were called, to be passed ashore upon the rope.

There was no confusion; up to the last all were subservient to my orders. But the scene rapidly drew to a crisis.

The vessel had fallen off the reef to more than double her former distance; the rope

attached to the rocks was stretched to its utmost tension, the hauling-line had parted for the third time; the crew were all on the reef, and, after repeated efforts to join us, the attempt was abandoned. At every surge of the sea I expected the vessel would turn bottom up; two large families still remained on her with Captain Coffin (my first officer) and myself; five had been drowned (two washed off the deck and three out of the cabin); the sea had broken in the forward part, and it was with the utmost difficulty that any one could keep from being washed away. I urged those remaining to try to get to the reef on the rope, before it parted—it was a desperate, but only chance for life. The women and children could not, and the men shrank from the yawning gulf as from certain death. Captain Coffin and I determined to take the risk, however. We threw ourselves upon the rope. The vessel broke in two—fortunately, as it proved—before we reached the reef, and the

lives of those on board were in consequence most providentially saved.

When she broke in two the cargo (of coal) must have slid out, and the stern, relieved from the pressure of the cargo, and fore-part hanging seaward, righted, and was thrown high up on the reef, and the remaining passengers easily escaped on floating spars.

Our situation on the reef can be better imagined than described. It was about eleven o'clock at night when all were landed; we were up to our waists in water, and the tide rising. Seated upon spars and broken pieces of the wreck, we patiently awaited the momentous future. Wrapped in a wet blanket picked up among the floating spars, I seated myself in the boat, the water reaching to my waist; my legs and arms were badly cut and bruised by the coral. Though death threatened ere morning's dawn, exhausted nature could bear up no longer, and I slept soundly. 'Twas near morning when

I awoke. The moon was up and shed her faint light over the dismal scene; the sullen roar of the breakers sent an additional chill through my already benumbed frame. The bell at the wheel, with every surge of the sea, still tolled a knell to the departed, and naught else but the wailings of a bereaved mother broke the stillness of the night, or indicated life among that throng of human automata; during the long hours of that weary night the iron had entered their souls, and the awful solemnity of their situation was brooded over in silence.

At morning's dawn low islands were discovered, distant about ten miles. Again all was activity. I immediately set about patching up the boat, while others collected spars and drift stuff to form a raft on which to place the women and children. A little after sunrise I started for the land, though our boat would scarcely float.

The first island on which we landed presented a very barren appearance. It was

covered with the bandana tree; birds seemed plentiful and very tame; but, after a diligent search, no water, fruit, or vegetables could be found.

We proceeded to another, and nothing but disappointment awaited us; water was madly sought for in vain; and late in the afternoon we returned, disappointed and unsuccessful, to our companions on the reef.

I placed the women and children in the boat, and sent them in charge of Captain Coffin to the land, while the rest of us remained on the reef for the second night. A small raft had been formed, but not large enough for all to sit upon. Gray hairs plentifully sprinkled upon my head attest the misery of those two nights spent upon that coral reef.

Early on the morning of the second day Captain Coffin returned to me with the boat, and I immediately despatched him again in search of water, for the want of which we were nearly famishing; while the rest of us

commenced in earnest preparing a couple of rafts, on which we placed what provisions and clothing could be collected. We picked up several bags of flour, a barrel of bread, some beans and pease, and about ten o'clock made an attempt to reach the island by wading along the reef, our rafts in tow, the old and helpless men—of whom there were several—being placed upon them. Energy, perseverance, and, above all, necessity can accomplish almost impossibilities, and we were successful. Most of the distance the water was deep; one place, for over a mile, it took us to our necks—the shorter men being compelled to cling to the rafts. Large numbers of sharks followed in our wake—at one time I counted over twenty—and not unfrequently we were compelled to seek safety from them upon the rafts. Several deep inlets had to be crossed, when our best swimmers were called into requisition. In one of these attempts I nearly lost two of my best men. Late in the after-

noon we reached the island, completely exhausted, but our hearts swelled with gratitude as we were conducted by the children to some holes dug in the coral sand on the beach, where they had found drinkable water. We had been forty-eight hours in the salt water—two days exposed to the rays of a tropical sun without food or drink.

The history of the two months spent by us on this desolate island in the South Pacific would be replete with interest, but the limits of this letter will not admit of my entering into minute details. My adventures there would form an inexhaustible fund for the story-telling craving of children, should it ever be my happy lot to be again surrounded by the joys of a home.

Three days after our first landing, I took an exploring party in the boat, and, upon an island some eight miles from the one on which we had located, discovered a grove of cocoanuts. Our hearts dilated with gratitude, for without something of this kind our

case would have been indeed desperate. Our living now consisted of shell-fish, turtle, sharks, and cocoanuts. We also prepared a garden, and planted some pumpkins, pease, and beans. They came up finely, and flourished for a few weeks, then withered and died. Having found means of present subsistence, my next object was to repair the boat. It was one of our quarter-boats, small, and badly stove, but no other hope seemed to offer for a final deliverance from captivity. We constructed a forge and smith's bellows, to make nails and the iron-work necessary. Several trips were made to the wreck, from which we obtained canvas, boards, and many necessary articles. A lookout was also established at the cocoa island, as perchance a passing vessel might be signalled, and at night parties were sent out to hunt turtle.

We divided ourselves into families, built huts, and thatched them with the leaves of the pandanus tree.

All the provisions found were thrown into one common stock, and equally divided among each mess every morning, and we gradually became reconciled to our sad fate. Five weeks after our unfortunate wreck our boat was ready. The attempt to launch forth upon the treacherous sea in so frail a thing was desperate, but we knew no choice between death encountered in a manly effort at escape, or a lifelong captivity upon that desolate reef.

To satisfy the passengers, I proposed to remain with them, and sent one of my officers with a portion of the crew for assistance. Captain Coffin objected to go in the boat, said he was an old man, and preferred to die where he was, and the crew likewise refused to go without me, but volunteered to a man to follow my lead.

The nearest inhabited islands were the Society group, some three hundred to five hundred miles dead to windward of us. For more than five weeks it had been blow-

ing a steady trade gale from the east, and I reluctantly abandoned all hope of ever reaching them, and turned my eyes to leeward. The Navigator Islands seemed our only chance; and though the distance—some fifteen hundred miles—was appalling, I determined to steer for them, trusting to a kind Providence for success. I selected four of my best men for a boat's crew, and fixed the day for our departure.

Nothing now remained for us but survey the opening from the lagoon to the sea, which had been neglected, owing to the want of a suitable boat, but the existence of which had never given me any uneasiness; and you may judge of our dismay, when, after two days' diligent search, no opening could be found, and the fact that we were imprisoned in a circle of angry breakers became apparent. Gloomy despair seemed to fill every breast; those most active and energetic heretofore seemed prostrated; but bewailing our unhappy lot and future prospects would

never effect a deliverance, and I summoned all my flagging energies to the task. I scattered the ship's crew and officers in every direction over the reef, and commenced a systematic search for any break in the rocks that might offer a chance for the launching of a boat.

Three days were spent in this manner upon the reef, and a spot finally selected, which, by carrying the boat some two hundred yards, and in favorable weather, offered a hope of success, and on the following day I determined to make the trial. But my own spirits now seemed crushed; I felt like one going to the stake; a foreboding of evil came over me; the weather was unsettled and threatening, and I retired to my tent—as I thought, for the last time—unhappy and without hope. The clouds gathered in gloomy grandeur, and finally broke in a tornado over the island. In vain I sought repose and sleep. About three o'clock in the morning I arose and walked

down upon the beach, and there, indeed, was experienced the climax of my distress, for the boat, upon which all our hopes centred, had disappeared.

I called the second mate; and as the report spread from tent to tent, men, women, and children, yet in the gray dawn of morning, gathered upon the beach and gazed upon the spot where the night previous they had seen that priceless boat so snugly moored. Their great misfortune could hardly be realized; our compass, nautical instruments, and everything of value were in the boat, and all our material had been exhausted in its construction. The loss of all these banished hope from every breast and seemed to seal the doom of the entire party. Some threw themselves in despair upon the beach; the silent tear trickled down the cheeks of speechless women; others moaned aloud their sad, sad fate, for our cocoanuts were nearly exhausted, and starvation stared us in the face.

I endeavored to cheer them with the hope that the boat had dragged her anchor into deep water, and after drifting across the bay would anchor herself again off one of the leeward islands. This eventually proved to be the case, and the boat was recovered, nearly full of water, but uninjured.

The weather now seemed to be breaking up; the trade winds blew less steadily, and all appearances indicated a change. Secretly influenced by a gloomy, undefined premonition of evil and disaster, as the result of my proposed attempt to reach the Navigator Islands, and having no charts—all of my charts were lost—I now determined on the apparently more desperate course of double banking the boat with a crew of ten men, and, watching a favorable opportunity, endeavoring to pull to the nearest windward island. Against this course Captain Coffin, an old whaler, opposed all his influence and experience—said he would rather venture alone than with ten

mouths to feed; that it would be impossible to pull our boat, so deeply loaded, against a head wind and sea, and that there was no place under our lee where we could make a harbor, in the event of our encountering what we might expect—easterly weather. That, in fact, it was a life or death undertaking—success or certain destruction awaited us. But desperate diseases require desperate remedies. I proposed it to my crew, and, with but a single exception, they all volunteered. We now impatiently waited for a suitable opportunity to launch our boat.

At daybreak on the morning of the 3d of December, just eight weeks from the day of our wreck, I was aroused by Mr. Owens. The wind was blowing in gusts from the northwest; the night had been stormy; heavy clouds hung in the western horizon, the whole firmament was overcast, and a drizzly rain rendered the entire aspect of nature chilling and unpromising. I hesi-

tated long, but it was the first westerly wind we had had since our residence on that island, and I gave the order for our departure.

You understand our situation: we were on a chain of small, low islands, entirely surrounded by a coral reef and angry breakers, enclosing a beautiful lagoon, perhaps ten miles across; at low water we could pass from one island to another by wading. Every man, woman, and boy capable of service started on foot, while the crew pulled the boat, with the water and provisions, across the lagoon to the place selected to try the reef, distant about eight miles. The boat was carried over the land some two hundred yards and placed in the breakers, where she was held securely by the united strength of fifteen or twenty men, while her water and provisions were stored, her crew at their stations, and at the word we were safely launched once more upon the open sea; and now, night or day, rain or shine,

wind or calm, the oars were plied without cessation, and on the fourth day from our departure we landed safely on the island of Bora Bora.

Providence seemed to have interfered directly in our behalf, for this was the only time in over eight weeks since our wreck that we could have succeeded in getting to windward, and on the very day of our arrival the regular trade wind again set in and blew strongly from the east.

At Bora Bora there were no white inhabitants. The king was on a visit to a neighboring island, and the natives at first looked on us with much suspicion, taking us for pirates. I, however, engaged passage for myself, Mr. Owens, and one man in a small native schooner, expecting to sail the following day for Tahiti, and despatched the balance of my crew in the boat to the neighboring island of Riatia, with a letter to the British consul, there being no American consul nearer than Tahiti.

That night the captain of the Tahiti bound schooner—I suppose afraid to receive us on board—got under way and went over to Mopita, to report us to the king, leaving me in a very bad "fix" again—no boat and no means of leaving the island; but it would require a volume to give you the details of my adventures, annoyances, and troubles; and doubtless I have already wearied your patience, and will therefore briefly add that the British consul, on receiving my letter, immediately despatched an express over to Captain Lathum, of the schooner *Emma Packer,* at the neighboring island of Huainea, who got under way without delay, called at Bora Bora, took me on board, proceeded to Scilly Island, rescued the passengers, and carried us in safety to Tahiti.

My troubles did not cease here. Picked off a rock, without a shirt to my back, I found myself detained by the French government, at the instance of the British

consul, with the unreasonable demand to forward my passengers to California.

A lengthy correspondence ensued.

As an American citizen, I demanded a permit to leave the island, and after much vexation and delay I succeeded, just in time to get a passage in the French ship *Africaine* to Callao, which vessel was under way when I boarded her.

VII

LOSS OF THE CLIPPER SHIP "STRATHMORE"

From *Chambers' Journal.*

THE *Strathmore* was an iron vessel of one thousand four hundred and ninety-two tons, and acknowledged to be as fine a ship of her class as ever left the port of London. Her commander, Captain Macdonald, besides being a worthy man, was an experienced and careful seaman. His first officer, Mr. Ramsay, was also a sailor of the right type; but of the crew, generally, that could not be said, although there were some good men among them. We mustered a crew of thirty-eight, men and boys; passengers of the three classes, fifty-one; in all, eighty-nine souls. This was the clipper's first voyage, and our destination was Otago, New Zealand. The

ship's cargo was principally railway iron; but along with other things we had candles and spirits, and a still more inflammable item, immediately to be mentioned. We left the docks on the 17th of April, 1875, and dropped down the river below Gravesend to complete our cargo, by taking aboard twenty tons of gunpowder, which, having been stored, all the arrangements for sailing were complete; and, heaving anchor, we bade farewell to England about midnight of the 19th of April.

We got very pleasantly out of the Channel, and, owing to the course we steered, we in a great measure avoided that landsman's terror, the swell of the Bay of Biscay. A head-wind now came on, which continued for a fortnight, driving us right across towards America. When that had ceased we had a fair wind, but so slight that at times we did not make more than a quarter of a mile an hour. After a time more fitting breezes blew; we had now somewhat settled

down to life on board ship, the weather had become exceedingly hot, and we betook ourselves to such light amusements as suited the temperature; some to reading, some to whist and backgammon, others "spinning" or listening to a yarn.

I and three friends occupied one cabin—Fred Bentley, and two brothers, Percy and Spencer Joslen. Our meals were always welcome, agreeably breaking the monotony of life at sea. When we had been out about ten days the routine was rather unpleasantly varied by the discovery that the crew had broken into the cargo and abstracted a couple of cases of spirits. This might not have been so soon found out, had the knaves not got so helplessly drunk that they were incapable of work. For a day or two they were insubordinate, and the passengers had to assist in working the ship. This matter, however, blew over, and things fell into the ordinary course. So reckless were these men that they were seen (as we afterwards

learned from a third-class passenger) in the vicinity of the gunpowder with a naked candle!

On the 20th of May we had a thunder-storm so terrific that from its exciting effects some of the ladies were confined to their berths nearly all next day. To me and my companions it was a scene grander of the kind than we had ever witnessed in our northern latitudes. No ordinary language could describe it.

On the following day, May 21st, we were hailed by the *Loch Maree,* homeward bound, and short of provisions; latitude 4° 20′ north. Our captain having supplied this ship with such stores as he could spare, we sent letters home by her. We were spoken by the *Borealis* on the 27th of May, and for the last time by the *Melpomene* on the 8th of June. We had this vessel in sight for two days.

Passing over the amusements incidental to crossing the line, nothing of importance

occurred while proceeding in a southeasterly direction, till we had rounded the Cape of Good Hope, and got fairly into the Southern Ocean. This vast expanse of sea, between latitude 40° and 50°, is dotted with several groups of small, desolate islands, requiring to be shunned with all the care of the navigator. At midday of the 30th of June we were eighty-seven miles from one of these dangerous groups, called the Crozet Islands; and, running at the rate of six knots an hour, we expected them to be in sight by next morning, the 1st of July. A good lookout was kept. But two circumstances baffled every precaution. There was an error in the compass,* and a fog settled down on the horizon; the result being that the captain believed we were ten or fifteen miles farther south than we really

* The error may have arisen from the proximity of the ship to the Crozets, whose rock-bound coast abounds in compass-deranging ironstone. Or the compass of the ship —which perhaps was not properly "swung" before leaving port—may have been affected by her cargo of iron.

were. Hence the dreadful fatality that ensued. At a quarter before four in the morning of the 1st of July, when in my berth, I felt the ship strike on one of these wretched Crozet Islands. I hurriedly dressed, and my friend Bentley went to warn the ladies, whom he found already up and hastily attired. The ship had got wedged in a cleft in the rock. This, our partial escape from destruction, appeared to us little short of a miracle, for had she struck a few feet on either side, our ship, good though she was, must inevitably at once have gone down. She hung by the forepart, with a list to starboard, her stern being submerged in deep water.

Bentley and I with others made for the port-quarter boat, but we could not get it off the davits, as the sea broke over us and washed us forward to the hand-rail of the poop. All from the poop forward was now rapidly getting under water to midship. The captain, seemingly distressed, yet with

characteristic disregard of self, gave orders as to the boats, directing that the women should be looked to first; his chief officer, Mr. Ramsay, another fine fellow, also doing all that was possible in the short time left to them. Unhappily for them and for us, the second or third wave that washed over the ship carried away these good men, all of whom were respected and lamented. A number of people got into the port life-boat, including Mrs. Wordsworth (the only lady saved) and Messrs. Bentley and Spencer Joslen. A sea came and took this boat off the chocks. She fell back, and partly stove in her bottom, but rose and floated across the poop, and finally left the ship, to the wonder of every one, without capsizing. It was in endeavoring to leap into this boat that our poor friend Percy Joslen was lost. The gig, with others of the crew and passengers, followed in charge of the second mate; and after her the dingy, in charge of the third mate, about nine o'clock A. M.

To resume my personal experience: The boats left us going towards the rocks, which we saw in front of us, about one hundred yards off, rising like a wall several hundreds of feet out of the water. I should have mentioned that, for the time, having parted company with Bentley, I, to save myself, took to the mizzen rigging. There I remained with others until daybreak, by which time the ship had gone under water all but the forecastle head. On day breaking I got along the mizzen top-gallant stay to the mainmast; and from there, down the main-stay, to the roof of the deck-house. There was a heavy swell, but every wave did not break over us. Several others scrambled to the same place. We then went on to the forecastle.

Late in the afternoon the gig returned and took away five passengers whom we had not before seen, and who had been clinging to the mizzen-top. They went off, and we were left shivering in the cold, the lateness

of the day rendering it impossible for the boat to return. We passed a miserable night. Our position was one of great peril, as we felt the vessel rising and falling with the flowing and receding wave, we not knowing but the next wave would liberate and sink our ill-fated ship, as was the case a few hours after we left her. We had nothing to subsist on but a few biscuits, and were almost frozen by the wet and extreme cold. About 10 A. M. of the second day the gig returned, bringing back the hope of life which had almost left us. This boat took us all off, the last remaining being myself, another passenger, and nine of the crew. The sea had now become more calm, and we got to the landing-place, about a mile and a half to the southeast of where our ship had struck; this place had been discovered by the first boat; and a rope had been fixed to the cliff, by which we climbed up the rock.

As the morning of the wreck was nearly pitch-dark, and the incidents were too

crowded, many occurred which did not come under my personal observation. Miss Henderson was swept from the deck by an early wave; her brother survived, to die a more lingering death on the island. Mrs. Walker fell a victim to her maternal feelings, as she would not enter the boat without her child. It had been taken by the second mate, and placed in charge of the second steward in the rigging. One of the ship's apprentices, much to his credit, gave up, on request, a life-buoy to one of the passengers. Terrible as the circumstances of this sad morning were, it is surprising, the outward composure that was maintained throughout. I did not hear even one scream from the women. Mrs. Wordsworth showed great self-possession. When all landed and collected, we found forty lives had been lost, including one entire family of ten. George Mellor, a third-class passenger, died ashore of exhaustion the second night, and was buried in the sea.

Upon landing I was regaled with a leg of a young albatross (of which and other birds there was, fortunately, a considerable store on the island) roasted; and, after having been thirty hours on the wreck, I need scarcely say that I never tasted anything sweeter. A glance at the sterile rock on which the fates had driven us, and on which we were to live if we could for an indefinite time, showed that, compared with it, Crusoe's island was as the garden of Eden. We were on Apostle Island; which, to judge by the guano-deposit, must have been the home of sea-birds for ages, and on which, very probably, the foot of man had but seldom, if ever, trod.

Before entering on the subject of our life on the island, it may be as well to give a brief account of the group of islands of which ours was one. The Crozet Islands are a volcanic group to the south of the Indian Ocean, lying between Kerguelen's Land on the east and Prince Edward's

Island on the west. They take their name from Crozet, a French naval officer. Apostle Island, on which we were, was the largest of the reef of rocks called the Twelve Apostles, forming part of the group. Large and small, islands and rocks included, are twenty-six in number.

We spent the first and second nights ashore very miserably, owing to the cold and damp. My first night—the second since the wreck—I, along with five others, lay under a rock; next night we all got into a shanty which had been built, but we were so closely packed that it was not possible to sleep. Therefore, next night, Bentley, Henderson, and I went back to the rock, under the ledge of which we slept for several weeks. Before we got more sheltered, by building up a wall of turf, we were sometimes, in the morning when we awoke, covered with two or three inches of snow. Little of any value was saved from the wreck; some clothes were got out of the

forecastle; and a passenger's chest containing sheetings, blankets, table-covers, knives, forks, spoons, and a few other things, was picked up on return to the ship by the life-boat. The boats picked up, floating, a cask of port wine, two cases of gin, two cases of rum, one of brandy, one of pickles, some firewood, and a case of ladies' boots, which were not of much use to us; also a case of confectionery, the tins of which became very serviceable as pots for culinary purposes.

Two barrels of gunpowder, also, were found, and matches; also some deck-planks and other pieces of timber were secured, which were useful for our fires. When the wood was exhausted we discovered that the skins of the birds made excellent fuel. During the night of the 3d of July the boats moored to the rocks broke away and were lost. This was greatly deplored at the time, but I consider it a fortunate circumstance, for, the ship having sunk, the only floatage that would have been recoverable

was spirits, which perhaps we were better without. And, for another reason, with the boats we might have been tempted to visit, and perhaps remain on, Hog Island, which appeared about six miles off. We should have had a greater variety of food there, and probably altogether less privations and discomfort than we were subjected to on Apostle Island; but we would have been more out of the course of ships going to Australia or New Zealand, so that our rescue might have been much longer delayed.

The want of controlling authority was soon apparent in our small community. There was no one capable of exercising that influence which, by judgment, firmness, and a sense of justice, supported by the well-disposed, would have kept in check the troublesome spirits, who, however, were a small minority. Disciplinary power being wanting, the turbulent element was on the ascendant for some weeks after our landing. At length matters subsided into comparative

order; but there never was perfect confidence. It was found advisable, for the general advantage, that we should be separated into parties; subsequently into as many as six squads. This segregation was effected by a kind of natural affinity in the combining elements.

Mrs. Wordsworth lived for a considerable time in the large shanty, until a smaller one was given up for the sole use of her and her son. This lady was ill during nearly the whole time of our sojourn on the island, but bore the privations she was subjected to with great fortitude. Little could be done to alleviate the hardships she suffered; she received such attention as the limited means at hand afforded, and was throughout treated with general respect. For instance, when dinner was served, each man passed his hat for his share of fowl; Mrs. Wordsworth's was handed to her on a piece of board.

A Bible had been saved, which was read

aloud, and psalms sung from time to time with great fervency; and early teachings, which had lain long latent, were revived with great force in their application to our present condition. These readings had a peculiar solemnity when we were laying our dead in their graves. The emotions thus produced were with some probably transient, although at the time heartfelt; with others the impressions may be more lasting.

We found our island to be about a mile and a half long by half a mile in breadth; no wood grew on it, indeed a considerable part of it was bare rock; the rest of it was covered with rank grass, and an edible root with a top like a carrot, but not in any other respect resembling that useful esculent. We found this of great service to us, as it was our only vegetable, and grew plentifully; we ate the stalk at first, and afterwards the tops only; sometimes boiled, sometimes raw. It has been said that he was a brave man who first ate an egg; if that

be admitted, I think some claim to courage may be made by our quartermaster "Bill," who, notwithstanding some warning jokes, first tested this plant, very much to our future benefit.

We were also fortunate in discovering an excellent spring of water, somewhat impregnated with iron, but imparting a quality which I believe was very favorable to our health. In our frequent and very necessary ablutions we used, in lieu of soap, the yolks of eggs and birds' livers; some made use of their blood for the same purpose, which I did not much incline to. When we landed on the island there were about two hundred of the albatross, young and old, and, notwithstanding the warning of the Ancient Mariner, we killed many of these fine and, to us, useful birds. We agreed, however, not to meddle with the eggs, that we might in due time have the benefit of the young birds. There were several hundreds of "graybacks" (knot), a very few

small white pigeons, sea and land ducks, and lots of "whalers" (ivory gull) and divers—birds about twice the size of a sparrow. These make their nests in the ground, about a foot or two deep. Mutton-birds were found for many months; they also make nests underground, but are rather more particular in selecting dry spots. They are about the size of a small hen, black-feathered, and coated with fat, which, even raw, we considered a luxury. The molly-hawks (fulmar petrel) came in about the middle of August: there were several hundreds of them. As soon as one lot was killed others came in; in all there must have been five thousand, if not more. The first penguin was killed by the cook, I think on the 29th of September; only a few were seen within the next three days, but every day after that they came in hundreds. There must have been from time to time fully a million of these birds. We killed upwards of fifty thousand without making any apparent im-

pression on their numbers. The albatross, which had left, returned to the island before we were taken off. This fine bird, that "holds its holiday in the stormy gale," I had heard say was fourteen feet in the expanse of its wings; but we had specimens on our rock that were seventeen feet from the extreme points of their extended pinions. Captain Carmichael (Linn. Trans. vol. xii.) says that the great albatross raises no nest, but merely selects some cavity for the reception of a single white egg; whereas those on our island raised a very fine high nest. It nourishes its young by disgorging the oily contents of its stomach. The cock-bird comes to land first, as it were to select the spot for the hen-bird to deposit the egg; which, when laid by the hen, he sits on for days, while the lady-bird goes to sea.

The penguin, which feeds its young in the same way as the albatross, is a curious bird, having, in place of wings, two membranes which hang down at each side like little

arms. It cannot fly. Its mode of walking is very singular, something between a waddle and a hop. As our rock was precipitous on all sides, the penguins came in where the rock was lowest, riding on the crest of the beating wave, often failing in their first attempts to land. When they touch the ground they march landward in Indian file, keeping good order; but are received as intruders by those already on shore. In fact, their reception is most inhospitable; they are pecked at, and made to understand that they are not wanted; however, there is no blood shed, and they soon unite with the original settlers, in turn joining them in the assault on the next comers, or invaders, as they seem to think. They sit for about two months apparently without eating, and then return to the sea greatly emaciated. The penguin makes no preparation for the egg, dropping it anywhere. Their patient endurance is remarkable. They often sit on the egg until their tails, covered with icicles,

are frozen to the ground. This strange bird appears quite in keeping with the remote and lonely islands in which it congregates and has congregated for untold generations. The molly-hawks, too, fine, large birds, rendered us good service as food.

The killing of the birds was at first very repugnant to us. The albatross was easily despatched; but the penguin was more tenacious of life, and though a harmless bird if left unmolested, at times showed fight. The tedium of our life was mitigated by the necessity we were under in hunting these birds for our daily food; and the eggs, which lay in hundreds around us, were a very acceptable and nutritious article of diet, and contributed greatly to keeping up our strength.

We had recourse to many odd devices for table-articles, such as gin and other bottles for drinking-cups, as long as they remained unbroken; then bladders and penguin-skins made into bags, into which we dipped a long

hollow bone and imbibed the water, sherry-cobbler fashion. When we melted the fat of the birds it was poured into one of my sea-boots to cool, after which we put it into the skin bags to keep. My other boot was used to hold salt water. Bentley's boots were taken to the spring for fresh water, and were the best pitchers we had. When we had to resort to the feathers for fuel, the food took a long time to prepare, and one meal was scarcely finished ere cooking was begun for the next. Each man was cook for a week at a time. In our shanty we cut off the foot of a sea-boot and used it as a drinking-cup. Bentley was very handy; he made needles out of wire, part of the rigging. As for thread, we drew it from a strong counterpane, and when that failed, we used dried grass. A knife was made from hoop-iron from a gin-case, one side of the handle from the top of a powder-keg, the other side from the blade of an oar, riveted with wire from the rigging, the

washers being made from a brass plate from the heel of my boot; also hands for a watch were fashioned from a plate likewise taken from my boot—all the work of Bentley. Our present abode was as truly the Rock of Storms, and as deserving of that title as ever the Cape was. The island was ever more or less tempest-beaten. Our hardships from cold, rain, and snow were very severe; in fact, we were never warm, and hardly ever dry.

As time passed on from days to weeks, and from weeks to months, without succor, we thought somewhat sadly of the anxiety of our friends at home; yet, in our shanty at least, we never despaired of being ultimately rescued. We kept up our spirits as well as we could, holding our Saturday evening concerts—the song with the loudest chorus being the greatest favorite. We had among us a cynic, whom we knew to be engaged, and who prophesied that all our sweethearts would be married by the time

we got home! We had sighted four ships, two of them coming near; one so near that we saw the man at the wheel. The captain of this ship made no sign of seeing us, but we afterwards learned that he *did* see us, but did not even report that he had, when he got into port. This behavior on the part of one of our own countrymen contrasts painfully with the generous conduct of the gallant Americans who subsequently rescued us.

It would be bootless to narrate how from day to day we kept anxious watch; the record would be little more than a monotonous detail of disappointment, cheerless days, stormy weather, and bitterly cold nights. Our day on the lookout, which we took in turns, was a most wearisome duty. We had lost other four of our companions—five in all since we came ashore. Mr. Stanbury, a young man from Dover, died on the 19th of July of lockjaw. Mr. Henderson, who had been our companion on board ship and

in our shelter under the rock, and who had become endeared to us by his good disposition, died of dysentery, after a long illness, on the 3d of September. We rendered him what assistance we could, but that was little. On the 23d of November, William Husband, an elderly seaman, died. On Christmas Day, Mr. Walker's child died. This was the last death on the island. It is curious that all the bodies after death were quite limp. I do not know whether this can be accounted for by the diet or some peculiar atmospheric condition. I have heard that death caused by lightning is followed by the same result. Another curious observation I made was that, if we cut ourselves, however slightly, the bleeding did not altogether cease for a couple of days. The antiseptic effect of the guano was shown somewhat curiously. It was rumored that one of the dead had been buried with a comb in his pocket; and one of our party wishing to ob-

tain it, two months after the interment, found the body with no sign of decay.

January, 1876, had now come. In view of the future, we had collected and stored over a hundred gallons of bird-oil for the use of our lamps, which we kept burning all night, the wicks made from threads drawn from sheets and other articles. We had also gathered many penguin-skins for fuel. We had now to some extent become acclimatized, and were in better health than we were last year. We were put to great shifts for cooking-utensils, our kitchen-ware being nearly worn out, though we found some hollow stones, which we used as frying and stew pans. We had, soon after landing, erected flagstaffs, on which we placed a counterpane or blanket to attract the attention of ships that might come near us.

Early in January we resolved to build, on an eminence, a high, square tower of turf, for the double purpose of drawing the notice

of passing ships and serving as a shelter for the man on the lookout. The digging of the turf was a great difficulty, our only implements being our hands and a piece or two of hoop-iron. We were greatly retarded in our building by the unfavorable weather, the rain coming down heavily. A vessel passed us on the 14th of this month, but no notice was taken of our signals.

January the 21st was an eventful day: deliverance was at hand! About six o'clock in the afternoon we were all startled by a cry from the man on the lookout: "Sail, ho!" We did not long delay in rushing up towards the flagstaff; we hoisted two flags, consisting of a piece of canvas and a blanket, one on the flagstaff and one on the unfinished tower; we kindled two fires, the smoke of which we calculated would be seen a good way off. The vessel did not at first seem to regard our signals; we were probably too impatient. She, however, soon made head towards us, when we became

greatly excited; some, in their delight, cutting strange antics, in fact a genuine "breakdown." When about a mile from our rock, to our great joy, she lowered two boats. They tried to effect a landing on the north side, but it was not possible. One of the boats coming nearer the rock, our sail-maker leaped into the water, and was hauled aboard. They then pulled to the point where we originally landed. Captain Giffard was in one of the boats. Night coming on, he told us that he could not take us off until next morning, but that he should leave us some bread and pork. However, upon being told that there was a lady ashore, he gallantly brought his boat as close to the rock as he prudently could, and took aboard Mrs. Wordsworth, her son, two invalids, and the second mate. We spent this our last night on the island with little sleep, but with tumultuous feelings of joy and hope—for we were yet to see the friends who had long mourned us as dead.

Next morning, the vessel coming nearer, three boats came ashore for us. The carpenter having made four crosses of wood, they were placed to mark the graves of our unfortunate companions whose fate it was to rest in this lonely isle in the Indian Ocean, which we left with beating hearts and no regrets, and where we had spent six months and twenty-two days under very unusual conditions. I believe that the most thoughtless among us will remember with sobered feelings, and to his latest day, his sojourn on Apostle Island.

We were received on board the ship with the greatest kindness, being all provided with complete suits of new clothing taken from the ship's stores. Mrs. Wordsworth received every attention from Mrs. Giffard, the captain's wife. The ship which relieved us was the *Young Phœnix,* of New Bedford, an American whaler, commanded by Captain Giffard. Of this kind-hearted and generous sailor it is impossible for us to

speak in terms too laudatory: we would be ungrateful indeed if we did not keep him in lasting remembrance. I would fain hope that means will be found to reimburse him for the large pecuniary loss that, otherwise, his profusely unselfish generosity must involve.

On the 26th of January we sighted the *Sierra Morena,* of Liverpool, Captain Kennedy, bound to Kurrachee. As we overcrowded the *Young Phœnix,* Captain Kennedy willingly agreed to take twenty of us to Point de Galle, Ceylon; where, after an agreeable passage, he landed us on the 24th of February. Our thanks are due to Captain Kennedy for the treatment we received on board his ship.

Our rescue had been quickly made known in England: on the 29th of February I received a telegram from home. I should have observed that Captain Giffard, for the time giving up the object of his cruise, steered for the Mauritius; but on the after-

noon of the day we left, falling in with the *Childers,* bound for Rangoon, the remainder of our companions were transferred to that vessel, and subsequently shipped for home. We spent some time most agreeably at Point de Galle, receiving great kindness from the district judge, the ship's agent, the Church of England minister, the collector of customs, and other gentlemen. We were, in fact, treated more like friends than castaways, and are not likely ever to forget the attention we received.

I am again in England, and at home, endeavoring to look back upon the wreck of the *Strathmore* merely as an unpleasant dream.

THE END

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